

BELLAMIRA,⁹

OR THE

MISTRESS,

A Comedy :

As it is Acted by Their Majesties Servants.

Written by the Honourable
Sir CHARLES SEDLEY Baronet.

Licensed, May 24. 1687.

Rog. L'Estrange.

L O N D O N :

Printed by D. Mallet, for L. C. and Timothy Goodwin, at the
Maiden-Head over against St. Dunstons Church
in Fleet-Street. 1687.

2617

ALL IS LIES

A COMIC

As it is called by the author

Written by the author

ST CHARLES



LOWE

Printed by D. Miller for E. C. and Friends of the
Maiden-Head over against St. Pauls Church
in Fleet Street 1837

The P R E F A C E

T O T H E R E A D E R.

I Know very well the danger of Writing in such an age where the best Wits Chose rather to be lookerson, then expose their stock of reputation to Publick censure. Nor did I design any to my self by this Play: It was originally *Menanders* in the Greek, *Terrence's* in the Latin; whose great names gave me a Curiosity to try how I cou'd make it run in English: A Friend came to my Chamber as I was upon the first Act, he seem'd to approve my design: I told him I found it extream easie to go through with: And that if he cou'd get it Acted under his own or anothers Name, I wou'd finish it for him: But for I know not what reasons he cou'd not do it; and I was oblidge'd to own it my self, or my friend had lost his third day The whole Play runs upon a Rape committed by a Lover under the disguise of an Eunuch, and an indulgent Keeper, govern'd and Jilted by his Imperious Mistres, which parts were so essential that they cou'd

The Preface to the Reader.

not be omitted, nor well fitted to our Stage without some expressions or Metaphors, which by persons of a ticklish imagination, or over-quick sense that way, seem'd too lascivious for modest Ears; I confess after the Plays I have seen lately Crowded by that fair Sex: the exception did not a little surprize me; And this suddain change of theirs made me call to mind our English weather, where in the same day a man shall Sweat in Crape, and wish for a Campagn Coat three hours after. I am very unhappy that the Ice that has borne so many Coaches and Carts, shou'd break with my Wheel barrow: I confess to have taken my Idea of Poetry more from the *Latin* than the *French*: and had rather be accus'd of some Irregularities, than tire my Reader or Audience with a smooth even stream of insipid words and accidents; such as one can neither like nor find fault with. But Reader between what will not please, and what will not pass at this time; there is so little left to be said on this or any other Subject, that I will keep thee no longer at the Door. Go in and Judge for thy self, see what the Modesty of this year takes offence at, and I am confident thou wilt with me congratulate the happy change. And yet absolve both the Poet and the Translator from any unpresidential indecency.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

I Sit not strange to see in such an Age
The Pulpit get the better of the Stage?
Not through Rebellion as in former days,
But Zeal for Sermons and neglect for Plays.
Here's as good Ogling yet, and fewer spies.
For Godly Parents watch with whites of Eyes.
Here Gallants do but pay us for your Room,
Bring if you please, your own brisk wit from home.
Proclaim your drunken fray's three benches round
What Claps y^e have met with, and what puuks are sound
Who are the Bully-rocks : and who gives ground.
We take all in good part, and never rage :
Tho the shrill Pit be louder than the Stage.
There you must sit demure, without a word :
Nor Perruque comb'd, nor Pocket tortoise stir'd
Here you may give the Lye, or draw your Sword.
Belov'd and senseless, huff, dumbfound, and roar ;
Till all the Lady's and some gallants scowre.
What free born subject, or true English heart,
Wou'd with such Rights and Priviledges part ?
When our two houses did divide the Town,
Each Faction zealously maintain'd their own,
We liv'd on those that came to cry us down.
Our Emulation did improve your sport :
Now you come hisher but to make your Court :
Or from adjacent Coffee Houses throng
At our fourth Act for a new Dance or Song.
To set all right we yet could make a shift ;
Had we a few good Livings in our gift.
Your hearts are ours, and let whoever preach
The young and fair will practice what we teach.
Our Play old virtuous Rome the Eunuch nam'd
But modest London the lewd title damn'd.
Our Author try'd his own and cou'd not hit :
He now presents you with some Forraign Wit.

Dramatis Personæ.

Merryman.

Keepwell.

Lionel.

Eustace.

Cunningham.

Dangerfield.

Smoothly.

Pisquil.

Bellamira.

Isabella.

Thisbe.

Silence.

Betty.

Bullies.

Bayliffs.

Linkboyes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mixt **E**ffays upon Tragedies, Comedies, Italian Comedies, English Comedies, and Opera's to his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*. Written Originally in French by the *Sieur de Saint EUREMONT*.

Printed, for *Timothy Goodwin*, at the Maiden-Head over against *St. Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet* 1687.

THE
DIRECTOR
OF
THE
BUREAU
OF
THE
FEDERAL
BUREAU
OF
INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bellamira,

OR THE

M I S T R I S

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Merriman and Keepwell.

Merry. **I** Ever told you, this Woman wou'd be the ruine of you : all must go to make her fine, and every New Gown you give, gets you a new Rival.

Keepw. Thou thinkst all Mony thrown away, that is not spent in a Tavern : thou hast no tast of Love, scarce any remains of Lust, or thou would'st never Rail at so Divine a Creature as my *Bellamira*.

Merry. You are resolv'd to go to her again ; notwithstanding the damn'd trick she serv'd you with the Sea Captain and your noble resolution to the contrary ? I'll see her hang'd first ! No, tho she beg it a thousand times, and with a thousand tears, I'll n'e'r go near her !

Keepw. Did I say such bug-words ?

Merry. Yes, and a great deal more.

Keepw. 'Twas when I was in my Altitudes, what ? Rebell against my Lawful Sovereign *Bellamira* ! I'll go to her tho, and shew her I am not such a Cully as she takes me for.

Merry. Have a care what you do : If you once begin and don't go through with her, you settle her Empire for ever ; and when she finds her own strength, that you are not able to leave her, she will use it like a Tyrant : And tho you be the injur'd party, after six kind words and a false tear or two, you must make your peace with a Present of *China* or a *French Petticoat*.

B

Keepw.

Keep. These are sad Truths ; but when my *Bell.* frowns I had rather be in a Sea-Fight for the time, I'll say that for her, tho 'tis soon over. I gave her but a dozen pair of *Marshal* Gloves, and she was in the purest Humour all day ! We took the Air in the afternoon, Sup't and went to Bed together.

Merry. That was a gawdy day indeed, but I fear you'll give so long, till you have nothing left.

Keepw. I had rather give a little Mony, than Lye, Flatter and Forswear my self as the Gallants of the Town do : I love to go to Sleep with a good Conscience.

Merry. And rise with ne'r a Penny in your Pocket ; if she lov'd you she would not be so expensive.

Keepw. 'Tis all to please me. Before I knew her she wore a Gown six months ; and had but one poor Point of her own making.

Merry. Matters are well mended with her indeed since that time.

Keepw. I had the most to do to make her accept of an Imbroider'd Toylet.

Merry. How so ?

Keepw. She said 'twas Mony thrown away.

Merry. And wou'd have it in Guineas, I warrant.

Keepw. Thou art a Witch, she cares not a Farthing for Fine Cloaths ; and but for fear the Women of the Town shou'd get me from her, wou'd not dress her self in a Month.

Merry. You are too indulgent a Keeper : the poor Sinners of the Town complain of you ; you raise the Market upon 'em.

Keepw. Why what wou'd a man do ?

Merry. Let one Nail drive out another : Take me a fresh Wench, a Bottle of Wine or two, and go hear some Scandal at the Rose — But here she comes, who with one Look will confound all our Devices

Enter Bellamira.

Bella. Oh, my dear *Keepwell* ! I am afraid thou art Jealous of me, because I did not let thee in sooner ; the news of my parting me into such Dirs, all our Maids were too few to hold me.

Keep. The news of what ?

Bella. Of a Duel I was told thou hadst fought : there was no body to run to the Door ; but thou saw'st there was no man with me.

Keep. I saw no man indeed, but am much mistaken if I did not hear one leap out of your low Window into a Boat.

Bella. This Summer one or other is leaping into the River all night long.

Keep.

Keep. Oh, that you lov'd like me; or I like you!

Bell. Why my dear *Keepwell*?

Keep. Why, then you'd never use me thus; or if you did, it wou'd not thus afflict me: my heart is as full of Jealousie as an Egg full of meat.

Bell. I swear by all thats good there is no man on Earth so welcome to these Arms, as thy dear self.

Keepw. Why did not you let me in sooner then?

Bell. I was just rising out of a Bath, and I will be seen naked by no man Living.

Merry. Kind Soul! first she was in Fits for fear you were hurt; but now she was coming out of a Bath, and cou'd not in modesty let you in.

Keepw. She fell into Fits just as she came out of her Bath.

Bell. I have alwaies your good word: But I had rather you shou'd say any thing of me, than kill my dear *Keepwell* with Drinking. But now I'll tell you the business I came about: Can your Drunken Friend keep a Secret?

Merry. If it be a Truth; but it prove a Lye, a Flam, a Wheadle, 'twill out: I shall tell it the next man I meet.

Bell. My Father was a Merchant, and Breaking here in Town, my Mother went to *Jamaica*, and took me with her.

Merry. This may be kept secret.

Bell. There a Person of Quality fell in Love with her, and amongst other Presents, gave her the finest Girl I ever saw, stoln out of *England* by some Kidnappers.

Keep. What are they?

Bell. Rogues that make a Trade of Stealing Children and Selling them.

Merry. Was she a Gentlewoman?

Bell. She said so, and she seem'd so.

Keep. Not so pretty as thou art I warrant her.

Bell. Her Father and Mother were Dead; her Brothers name she told us; my Mother bred her as if she had been her own Child, so that most people thought us Sisters; I came back with a Friend, the only Person I had then a Concern with, who gave me all I have.

Merry. These are two Whiskers!

Bell. Why so?

Merry. Because you were never true to one Man: nor did he give you all you have; my Friend here having presented you with two thousand Pound at least.

Bell. Will you let me go on with my Story? My Mother left this pretty Creature *Isabella* almost grown a Woman, to an Uncle of mine, for some Money that she ow'd him, and cou'd not otherwise pay: He thinking she might yeild a good Price, carries her over into *Spain*, and there Sells her to one *Dangerfield*, who buys her and puts her to wait on his Sister: he is now in *England*, and offers her me.

Merry. Did he know that she was formerly your Companion?

Bell. Not in the least; but since hearing of my concern with you, he seeks all the excuses he can, not to perform his Promise; and says that he knows as soon as I have, her he shall be slighted, and you received; for he has heard how dearly I Love thee.

Keepw. All the Town knows there is no Love lost. Is this all?

Bell. No, I have a small request to thee my Dear.

Merry. Now for a Coach, new Bed, or the Payment of an old Debt.

Bell. You are mistaken Sir; cou'd I help it I wou'd not put my dear *Keepwell* to the Charge of one of your Drunken Clubs in a Year.

Merry. You spend it him in Coach-hire, Puppy-water and Paint, every day of your Life.

Bell. Peace, thou moving Dropsie, that waddest with Fat, worse than a Goose with Egg

Merry. No man that had to do with you, e're lost his Shape; Fluxing and Sweating are great Preservatives.

Keep. This is rudeness and not Wit; come thou art my best Companion, and she my dearest Mistress. As our modern Poet has it;

" If not in Friendship, live at least in Peace.

What is it thou woud'st Command?

Bell. Command! only a trifling Suit I have.

Keep. It must be a strange one if I refuse it; Is it in my power?

Bell. It is.

Keep. Then speak and be sure to obtain it, as if thou ask'dst it of thy self. I have not given thee any thing all this day.

Bell. 'Tis no Money matter: there are many Reasons why I wou'd have this *Isabella* from *Dangerfield*: First because we were bred together like Sisters, and of all the World I love her next thy dear self; and if I cou'd restore her to her Friends, who I hear are very considerable, I doubt not of a good Reward: so that I shall never need trouble thee for any thing more.

Merry. This is a good Wheadle.

Keep. But how will you get her? You say *Dangerfield* repents him of his promise.

Bell.

Bell. 'Tis but thy going into the Country for a day or two, and I shall easily perswade that swagging Fool out of her. You don't answer me.

Keep. What shou'd I answer thee, thou worst of Women?

Merry. She wou'd only lie with this roaring Rascal a Night or two, while you are in the Countrie: can you have the heart to deny her?

Keep. If I deny her, she'll be outrageous; and if I do not, I shall have Elks horns at my return. I understand you *Isabella*; and you were bred up like Sisters, you wou'd restore her to her Friends, and so *Dangerfield* must be received, and I banish'd; and why? but that you love him better than ever you did me, and are affraid this Young Wench should get the Lusty Stallion from you.

Bell. She loves me so, she wou'd not be my Rival, tho' in thee, young, kind, and handsome as thou art.

Keep. Is this Souldier then the only Man that made a considerable Present? When has my Bounty fail'd? Didnot you ask the other Day a *Black-moor*, and then an *Eunuch*, out of a meer Humour, because Princes use 'em, and straight I pawn'd a Ring to buy 'em for you? I should not urge my Bounty, did I not find that you forget it. There was a Settlement drawing too.

Bell. Nay, rather than you shall take it ill, I will Renounce this *Isabella*, the dear Companion of my Youth, for ever, and all the World beside.

Keep. Did not you say you cou'd renounce this *Isabella*, and all the World for me?

Merry. Yes, rather than lose your Settlement.

Bell. I did; and will, my Dear! I can go into a *Cloyster*, since I have lost my power with you, I care not for the rest, I'll to a *Monastery*, and there I'll Pray for you.

Keep. I scorn to be out-done in Kindness: I will go into the Country for a day or two, and let *Dangerfield* do his worst. Go into a *Monastery*! I had rather hold the Door my self.

Merry. When she's a *Nun* I'll be a *Fryer*: They all say as much.

Keep. But, if she shou'd, where shou'd I have such another Dear, Pretty, Sweet Rogue?

Merry. There are hundreds as fine Women to be had, by the day, by the week, or how you will.

Keep. 'Tis not the first time she has threatned to go into a *Monastery*, upon discontents between us: I was forced to give her a New Bed, the last Summer, and Plate for her Chamber, or I had lost her.

Bell. 'Tis but two days, and I am thine for ever.

Keep.

Keep. Hang two days among Friends.

Bell. 'Tis I shall be the greatest Sufferer, who must endure the Man I loath, and part with him I love. Besides, this *Dangerfield* is such a troublesome quarrelsome Fellow, I shou'd never have one Minutes quiet, if you were in Town together, for fear of some mischief or other.

Keep. Nay, there wou'd be Bloud-shed every hour, that's certain; I never cou'd endure a Rival in my Life.

Bell. I know thou art both brave and jealous, that makes me so affraid for thee: If he shou'd Kill thee, poor Dear, he has nothing to lose, and wou'd easily get his Pardon; but should'st thou Kill him, all the world can't save thee, thou hast been such a Whig. Besides, I am too honest a Woman to have any interest at Court.

Keep. It shall never come to that, I'll away into the Country, and as it happens have a little business there; I shall come up so vigorous, and so Loving; wee'll have a Sack-Posset, and go to Bod-together, tho' it be at Noon-day: But see, my Friend, the Blackamore and Eunuch be deliver'd to *Bellamira* in my absence.

Merry. I will carry them my self, and try what Mettle *Bellamira* is made of in his absence; she is the prettiest Wench in the Town, and his Present will make me welcome.

Keep. For two long Days and tedious Nights, Farewel.

Bell. I fear my *Keepwell*, thou think'st me one of those little Creatures of the Town; but I have told thee nothing but the Truth: nor is there Man on Earth I wou'd prefer to thee. All I do, is meerly in compassion to pretty *Isabella*, in hope to restore her to her Brother, whom by some Tokens she gave me, I think I have found, and am this Night to Treat with.

Keep. Farewel. my dearest *Bellamira*, I am gone.

Bell. Well, now I see thou dost deserve my Love.

Enter Cuningham and Eustace.

Can. Yonder's *Merryman*, Fat, Smooth, and looks Young still; a very *Bacchus* incarnate.

Merry. I swallow more Wine, than Pills or Dyet-drink, sit up till Three, and drink my three Bottles.

Can. I met the pretty'st Creature in New *Spring-Garden*! her Gloves right Marshal, her Petticoat of the New Rich Indian Stuffs, her Fan Colambor: Angel-water was the worst Sent about her.

I am sure she was of Quality.

Merry. And I warrant, you think she came to meet you there?

Can.

Cun. Not so: She came to take her Fortune among the Young Fellows of the Town, and Chance threw her upon me; I have found she lies in the Mall.

Merry. There are Whores of all sorts; but if she had lain in an Alley, you might have more hope of her.

Cun. Have not you the best Wine and Tobacco, where you com

Merry. Yes, that I have.

Cun. Why then shou'd you not think, a Man that makes it his business, as I do, may have the finest Women?

Merry. I pay 'em well, and get custom to Taverns where I go; a Wench may starve that has had to do with you; no Man will venture upon her, who has any Reverence for his Nose: Nor have you any thing to give 'em but the Pox.

Cun. You can do as little to a Woman as I can give: And for your soundness, if Palsie, Gout, and Dropsie may be called so, your drunken impotence is the reason of it.

Eust. Will this Quarrel never be at end? *Cunningham* is the Darling of the Ladies, and *Merriman* the delight of all good Fellows. Whats become of our Old Friend *Keepwell*?

Merry. We have lost him: He was once an honest well humor'd Fellow, tho' he had never much Wit, but since his Acquaintance with *Bellamira*.

Eust. What, she that was so well known at *Jamica*?

Merry. That's true, but he won't believe it: She has perswaded him 'twas an Elder-Sister: she is hand-somer, and he more in Love with her than ever. You know how miserable he was.

Eust. He always grudg'd his Club, if it came to above half a Crown.

Merry. How plain he went?

Eust. He bought all his Cloaths of a Whole sale Man.

Merry. Now there's no Taylor curious enough for him.

Cun. 'Tis a great change, but I cannot blame him; she is a delicate Creature, and I was one of the first that Debauch'd her.

Eust. I thought you wou'd not have confess'd so much Age.

Cun. I mean I was one of the first had her, after she came over: she Lov'd me dearly, poor Rogue, but I was not able to maintain her.

Merry. One man may as well satisfy, as maintain her; she is the most expensive Jade I ever knew; she has run *Keepwell* a thousand Pound in Debt within this twelve-month: I have been at a woful parting between them.

Cun. He has not turn'd her off I hope? For I go and Sup there some times, upon the old account. She is one of my Piz Allez.

Merry.

Merry. No; she has turn'd him off for two days: he has left an Eunuch in Town, which I am to present her for him anon.

Cun. I'll tell you a Secret; I had like to have been surprized there by *Keepwell* himselfe'ne now; we were just got to Bed together.

Eust. And how got you off?

Cun. She made him Knock half an hour at the Door, whil'st I leapt out of one of her lower Windows into a Boat that waited for me But *Merriman*, you must say nothing upon honour, now you are trusted.

Merry. Not I, I have told him of thy lying with her and Forty others, an hundred times, and he will never believe me; he is the most incorrigible Cully, I begin to be of her side.

Cun. I will drink a Bottle more with thee at Night for that: A Man of honour shou'd always take the Ladies parts.

Eust. What made you run away? I thought you had been allowed to visit.

Cun. I am so, but not in my Shirt and Night-Gown, as I was with her. She was just out of a Bath, the Sweetest, Whitest, Plumpest, Kindest Rogue.

Eust. 'Twas a Damn'd disappointment.

Cun. Not quite, I took my leave of her like a Gentleman.

Merry. I wonder *Keepwell* continues sound, coming after thee in this manner.

Cun. There was a Plague in Sixty Six, but what is that to *London* now? there was a Fire too: but it is since new Built, and more beautiful than ever; are not you Sober now, tho' you were Drunk last Night?

Merry. Not quite.

Cun. A Dish of Coffee or two will make you so, and do you think there's no Redemption in other Cases?

When they were first acquainted, I Writ all his Billet doux for him, for *Keepwell* you know has nothing but the Purse and Dotage of a good Lover; he wou'd give me now and then five Guineas for a Song for her, which I let her know was mine; when I saw her next, we Laught at the poor Fool together.

Merry. I'll say that for him, he is fitted with a Friend and a Mistress.

Cun. You know he is but a dull silly Fellow.

Merry. And therefore you may very honestly pretend Friendship, borrow his Money and lye with his Mistress.

Cun. A Pious Citizen that goes to Church twice a day, will play the Knave in a Bargain; a Lawyer take your Fee, and for a good Sum of Money, be absent when your Cause is try'd; a Parson Marry you to a great Fortune

Fortune without a Licence; We are all Regues in our way, and I confess Woman is my weak side; And yonder goes an odd Fellow, with a very pretty Wench: what a Toss she has with her head, and a jett with her breech?

Merry. 'Slight, 'tis *Smoothly, Dangerfield's* man, carrying that pretty Creature to *Bellamira*, for a Present from his Master.

Cun. She has as good a Face as *Bellamira* her self.

Eustace's Man brings him a Note.

Eust. *Smallwit, Wildman, and Lyonel*, have sent their excuses, and cannot Dine.

Merry. Let's give the House something, and Dine there to Morrow: I am invited to a Venison-Pasty, and a dozen-bottles among Four.

Cun. I have some Ladies to Entertain at *Knightsbridge*; and hate a nasty Tavern.

Eust. Since you are all provided for, I'll shift, for my self. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamira and Thisbe.

Bell. He's gon, and we are free as Mountain Air.

This. You have absolute Dominion over him; but to make him accessory to his own disgrace, was such a Masterpiece!

Bell. Now will he entertain a better opinion of me than ever: he'll think I do nothing without his consent, since I once ask'd him it, and in so nice a Point.

This. What said *Merryman*, my sweet Guardian?

Bell. All he cou'd, you must take him off for me.

This. I am but his second Inclination; a Drawer in a good Tavern has more Interest in him, than I.

Bell. But *Keepwell* is the Loyalest Cully! nothing will make him Muriny.

This. Sure you think he can read in no Book but his own, or you durst never use him so.

Bell. There are few of those Clerks now-adays: this is a Learned Age. When saw you *Cunningham*?

This. He comes sometimes and professes his Love and Soundness to me.

Bell. Believe him in neither, they say he's a false Fellow.

This. I heard he was formerly a great Servant of yours.

Bell. What a Lying World this is! I never saw him in my Life.

This. That's strange and live about this Town.

Bell. Is he handsome? Black? or Fair?

This. Between both.

C

Bell.

Bell. Has he much Wit ?

This. As if you did not know !

Bell. I swear, not I.

This. Jilting Devil ! I'd not know him so well for a Thousand Pound : but 'tis the Trick of most of 'em ; tho' they own Twenty, they will forswear some one.

Bell. Oh, that I had thy Youth, and Beauty !

This. You have enough of both, considering your Judgment and Experience.

Bell. We Women are easiliest deceived, when we are most worth it : Cunning and Wrinkles come together.

This. You have no reason to complain ; all the young Fellows that come out of *France*, pay Tribute to you, as certainly as to the Groom-Porter : I wonder *Keepwell* is never told of it.

Bell. He has been told it a hundred times : Two or three Stories that the Authors have not been able to make out, have done me great Service ; and so confirm'd my Empire.

This. But you are in continual fear.

Bell. I have broke him of all his Censorious Acquaintance.

This. That was a great Point gain'd ; but how ?

Bell. I te'l him such a one will Cheat him, another will bring him into Quarrels, a third speaks ill of him behind his Back, a fourth is obnoxious to the great ones, and will hinder his Preferment : So that I have scarce left him one Friend that will tell him a true word.

This. You are a great Politician.

Bell. There goes more to our Trade, than a good Face : I have known many of these unthinking Butterflies, Debauch'd, Pox'd, and in Goal, the same Summer : Let's up into my Chamber ; I must set my self out for *Dangerfield* he'll be here anon.

This. Will you use the Paint was sent in by the French Woman this Morning ?

Bell. By all means : Lying and Painting are sure Baits to Catch a Fool with.

This. What sort of Fellow is that *Dangerfield* ?

Bell. A *Beau Garçon* of Fifty, with a Blew Chin, stiff Beard, and so forth.-----Loves the Old Fashion'd Greasy way of giving Treats, will Dance Country Dances till he Sweat like a Running Foot-man ; tires himself first, and then makes Love.

This. They say he has been Handsome.

Bell. 'Twas so long ago every Body has forgot it, but himself : He is a pre-

pretender to Wit; but his is worse than none: as a Country Scraper is worse than no Musick at all.

This. And yet this Fellow for a little Mony,

Bell. No, for a great deal of Mony. I will make the Presents he gives me, my Baits to Catch others with: fine Cloaths and rich Furniture, are great Provocatives to those that don't pay for'em, which are the Men for our Turn.

This. Like the Gentlemen that live in Town, you have your pleasure in one place, and receive your Rent from an other: 'tis the way to have your Tenement thrown into your Hands.

Bell. *Keepwell* has taken a Lease for Life, and laid out so much in Improvements, that I am secure of him; and for the rest, they shall pay me as they are Able.

This. My Guardian and I have now and then a small Quarrel, about my keeping you so much Company.

Bell. What, *Merryman*? I thought he had made Love to you.

This. He dos sometimes.

Bell. He has then forfeited his Charter and ought to Talk no more like a Guardian.

This. Perhaps he dos not like it as a Lover.

Bell. Does he not see that we Govern the Town? have Power and Plenty follow us? we Visit, Dance, Play at Cards, go to Hide-Park, St. James's, and Sup together, and are a World among our Selves.

This. But like the Inhabitants of the other World, you neither Marry, nor are given in Marriage; and he wou'd have me fit for a Husband.

Bell. Get Mony enough and you can never want a Husband. A Husband is a good Bit to Close ones Stomach with, when Love's Feast is over. Who wou'd begin a Meal with Cheese? Come into my Chamber, and I will instruct thee farther in these Mysteries.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Keepwell, and Merryman.

Merry. **W**HAT, not gon yet? hovering like a Ghost, about your Treasure?

Keep. I stay'd to see how my Presents took: you have deliver'd 'em, I hope, what says my *Bellamira*?

C 2

Merry.

Merry. The Meat's hardly out of my Mouth, and I am for no Exercise upon a full Stomach: 'tis too far to walk yet.

Keep. Take a Coach,

Merry. That's as bad as the Rack, to a Man of my Intemperate, and Voracious Appetite: I am so full I should spill Terse at every jolt. We drank Gallons a piece.

Keep. You are Drunk then.

Merry. No, Sober enough to be your Worship's Pimp, and diliver your Humane Gelding to *Bellamira*.

Keep. But will you go about it Instantly, and make hast?

Merry. Survey my Bulk: it was not built for hast;
'Tis the flow product of Tuns of Claret, Chines of Beef, Ven'son-Pasties, and so-forth.

Keep. Now you are in this humor, you will talk some Wit to her and spoil all.

Merry. I'll be there, before you are half a Mile out of Town, and say the sweetest things of you!

Keep. Thou think'st I cannot leave my *Bellamira*, now it comes to the Point.

Merry. I am somewhat doubtful.

Keep. Yes if it were for three days, now I am resolv'd.

Merry. What, a whole three days! Thou hast a Heart of Iron.

Keep. Cou'd you be Sober so long?

Merry. Yes to save the Nation, or so.

Keep. Nothing less serve the turn?

Merry. Yes or to oblige Mrs. *Thisbe*, my Charge.

Keep. Thou hast always Wine and Women in thy Head together: a sure sign thou are but an indifferent Tilter----Well, I am in hast, be sure you go, and omit nothing that may endear my small Present to her. *Exit*

Merry. He's gon; but here comes our Rival's Servant, with that Beautiful young Creature, again: It seems *Bellamira* was not at home. I'll step aside and observe her.

Enter Smoothly, and Isabella.

Smooth. There is as much difference between Man and Man, as between Man and Beast: This Fool my Master gives away this pretty young Creature, to a stale Wench, I am but a Servant, and must obey; but were I to chuse,

Isa. Peace, Impudence; were I to chuse, I'de chuse a Halter before either of you.

Smooth.

Smooth. I was not always thus a Servant, as you see me, I am a Gentleman, and once had an Estate, but now 'tis gon, must live on others, as others did on me.

Isa. Perhaps so.

Smooth. I now am fain to Lye, and Flatter for my Bread, shift for my Cloaths, and humor every Idle Coxcomb to get a Piece or two : Does my Patron lose? Fortune favours Fools: Does he Win? sweet is his hand, and happy are his Servants. Is he Dwarfish? his Strength is the more compact: Is he Tall? such the first Monarch's were, when Kingdoms went by Choice: Is he Ugly, and Witty which must ever be? such *Ovid* was, whom *Julia* so priz'd: Is he Handsom? such was *Adonis*, whom fair *Venus* Lov'd.

Isa. And were you never Cudgel'd, for this nauseous Flattery?

Smooth. There are a sort of Men who think themselves the first in all kinds, and are the last; these I get acquainted with: nor do I attempt to please'em with my Wit, but win their hearts an easier way, by Applauding theirs. If any of'em tell an old Tale, that I have Read in Print, straight I never heard any thing so well, and listen to it as if it were my Fathers last Will and Testament. Does he offer at a Jest? I dye with Laughing, before his Mouth opens. Does he walk Home, without taking Cold? he is hardy and fit to be a General.

Isa. You are a fine Rogue all this while! And what else?

Smooth. In short, I say as they say, deny what they deny, like what they like, and if they dispraise it again, I am ready to do so too; and find my account very well in it; while those Fops, that are fond of shewing their own Wit, are hated by all my Customers; who are the onely Men there's any thing to be gotten by.

Merry. This is a notable Fellow; and if he finds Men Fools, is enough to make'em Mad.

Isa. Were I a Man, I had rather dye than sell my words, and prostitute my Voice to every Fool.

Smooth. Don't Lawyers, Physitians, and Courtiers, when they take Mony for a good Turn, sell their words? There was a blunt Comrade of mine of your mind; but I found him the other day all in Rags, not a Penny in his Pocket, nor a Friend to helphim: I have nothing, and yet want nothing; strong and able; other Mens Meat, and Drink, and Wives serve my Turn.

Isa. Leave your Prating, and move forward.

Smooth. Sure you are some disguis'd Princess, you take upon you so.

Isa. What I am I know not, and am only sure I am miserable.

Smooth.

Smooth. What's here my Rivals Friend *Merryman*, before *Bellamir's* Door? I knew him when I was last in Town.
Your most Humble Servant Worthy Sir.

Merry. Yours, honest *Smoothly*.

Smooth. Will you not go in?

Merry. I have no business at present.

Smooth. You may be welcome, for your Friend *Keepwell's* sake.
Do you see nothing here you wou'd not see?

Merry. Nothing but thy self.

Smooth. You keep your old blunt way; but, look you what here is! Look you what here is! What will not *Bellamira* do for such a Bribe?

Merry. Every Dog has his day:

Smooth. Let me not keep you here, you were going some where else.

Merry. Not I.

Smooth. Pray then, will you Introduce me to Madam *Bellamira*?

Merry. You need not fear admittance, with such a Present.

Smooth. But perhaps you stand here, to see that no man brings any Message from *Dangerfield*.

Merry. You are pleasant! but if I did I'de Cudgel you farther off.

Smooth. He is Angry, and the Fat Fool is Stout: I'll not provoke him.

Exeunt Smooth. and Isabella.

Merry. Yonder's *Lionel*, *Keepwell's* younger Brother, he comes in hasty, and seem's to have something in his Head.

Enter Lionel.

Lionel. I am undone! ruin'd! I have lost the sight of this Pretty Creature, and shall never find her more! which way shall I go? whom shall I enquire of? what shall I do, to have a Glimps of her? I have only this comfort; where e're she is, she is too Beautiful to be long Conceal'd. From henceforth, I blot all former Faces out of my heart: I am tir'd with these daily Beauties of the Town, whom we see Painted and Patch'd in the Afternoon in the Play house, in the Evening at the Park, and at Night in the Drawing room; so that we have half enjoy'd'em before we speak to'em

Merry. Lost! Undone! Beautiful! I am sure I heard these words plain: he is in Love, and after the manner of that sort of Madmen is talking to himself, of his Mistress; If he be we shall have fine work; there are Ten *Keepwells* in that *Lionel*: he'll commit Rapes, Burglaries, Fire houses, or any thing, but he'll have her; and for Money, he'll throw it away like Dirt.

I pity his poor Father ; but he Grudg'd his Mony for honest Terse, and so he's right enough serv'd.

Lion. Eternal Palsies on that *Cunningham's* Hands, may he never be able to put his Dice into the Box ; but when he does may he throw out for ever. May he Win of Beggars and lose to Bullies, and dote on Whores as Rotten as himself. But I was mad to mind him : how I envy you *Merryman*, whose sluggish Blood moves in an even stream, and never knows these Storms !

Merry. What's the matter ? you look as if you were Drunk.

Lion. I am worse ; I am mad ; I am any thing ; I am in Love.

Merry. How *Keepwell* will Laugh at you ! But with whom ?

Lion. Not with a stale Wench, like him ; nor any of the little Tinsel, short Liv'd Beauties of the Town, squeez'd into shape by Taylors, and starv'd into it by their Mothers.

Merry. How then ?

Lion. A new turn of a Face, unknown till now to Nature's self, in all her Numberless Varieties.

Merry. 'Tis wond'rous ; you are Maul'd ; *Cupid* has shot you with a Blunderbus.

Lion. What Eyes ! Teeth, white----

Merry. As a new Tobacco-pipe

Lion. Peace Prophane Wretch, thou art not fit to mingle in these Mysteries. Her own Complexion ; her Body solid and full of Juice ; the Noblest Fabrick of unstinted Nature !

Merry. Her Age ?

Lion. Seventeen.

Merry. I have drunk excellent *Hockamore* of that Age.

Lion. Damn thy dull *Hockamore* and thy base Jaded Pallat, that affects it ; Cou'd I but get this Divine Creature into my hands, by Fraud, Force, Price, Prayer, any way so that I enjoy her, I care not.

Merry. Who is she ? she may be a Person of Quality, and you may bring an old house upon your head

Lion. 'Tis but a Duel or two that way ; and if her Relations be Numerous, we'll Fight Six to Six, and make an end on't.

Merry. What Country Woman is she ?

Lion. I know not.

Merry. Where does she live ?

Lion. I can't tell,

Merry. We are upon a very cold Scent : where did you see her ?

Lion. In the Street ; with a Servant behind her.

Merry.

Merry. How come you to lose her?

Lion. That's it I was Cursing at, as I met you: Nor do I think there is a Man whom all the Stars conspire against like me. What Crime have I committed, to be thus Plagu'd?

Merry. The Stars are Pretty Twinkling Rogues, that light us home, when we are Drunk sometimes, but neither care for you, nor me, nor any man.

Lion. You know *Cunningham*?

Merry. Intimately: a good honest Fellow; a little too much a Servant to the Ladies, given to Gaming.

Lion. Pox of his Character!

Merry. The Pox is part of his Character indeed, but I had forgot that.

Lion. Will you not let me go on with my Story? This Fellow meets me in the nick of time, while I was following this Divine Creature, pulls me aside, and tells me I must be his Second; I go with him, we Fight, Disarm our Men, but when I came back the Bird was flown. nor cou'd I learn any News of her.

Merry. That's very unlucky.

Lion. 'Twas a Disaster never to be recover'd, a Total over-throw to all my happiness: I had not seen him neither these six Months.

Merry. Why did you not refuse him?

Lion. He's a Malicious Fellow, and wou'd have told the whole Town of it, if I had; it was Impossible. I lost her in this Street.

Merry. Are you sure of that? I'll be Sober a Twelve Month, if this be not the very young Woman *Dangerfield* presented this Afternoon, to *Bellamira*, your Brothers Mistress.

Lion. There was a Man follow'd her.

Merry. The very same: and that was his Servant *Smoothly*.

Lion. You know her then?

Merry. Not I; but I know whither she went

Lion. Dost know where she is, my Dear Merryman?

Merry. Don't I tell you she was presented to *Bellamira* by *Dangerfield*, your Brother's Rival?

Lion. A Mighty Prince this *Dangerfield*, that is able to mak such a Present: My Brother will have a hard time on't.

Merry. You wou'd say so indeed, if you saw his Present.

Lion. What is it?

Merry. An Eunuch.

Lion. What, that Illfavour'd Fellow he bought yesterday, that looks like an old Woman or a Ginney Ape?

Merry. The same.

Lion.

Lion. He that carries him will be kick'd out of Doors with his Present.

Merry. I hope not so ; for I have promis'd to deliver him.

Lion. I did not know *Bellamira* was our Neighbour.

Merr. She is lately come hither.

Lion. Is she very handsome ?

Merr. She is well.

Lion. Not comparable to mine.

Merr. That's your fancy : Of Children Mistresses, and Religions our own are still the best.

Lion. But is there no way to come at her ? Thou uselt to be good at a dead list : Ple Fire the house and then at least I shall see her again.

Merr. Violent waies are to be us'd at last : Ple see what I can do for you.

Lion. Oh happy Eunuch ! that art to live in the same house with this Divine Creature.

Merr. Why so ? the nearer he is to a fine Woman, the more sensible must he be of his loss.

Lion. But he'll see continually his fair fellow Servant, sit by sometimes and talk with her, eat with her, and if nothing else, sleep near, and hear her breath.

Merr. What if I should make you this happy man ?

Lion. It is Impossible : but speak ; men past recovery are pleas'd to talk of Remedies.

Merr. I am intrusted to present this Eunuch to *Bellamira* : what if you put on his Cloaths, and went with me in his room ?

Lion. I'd gladly change Conditions, Fortunes, and every thing but one with him.

Merr. I will present you instead of him ; and you shall enjoy those rare Felicities you reckon'd but up now, you shall sit by her, dress and undress her, touch, play with, and sleep near her ; your age and Face will easily pass you for an *Eunuch*, and somewhat mend your Brother's ill-favour'd Present.

Lion. You say right : I never knew a better design ; let's about it instantly, undress me, dress me, and bring me to her immediately.

Merr. You are too hot : I was but in jest all this while.

Lion. Cut my Throat, Stab me, if thou wilt not go on with this design.

Merr. Let me think a little : Is not this Plot too fine spun to hold ? you must be gelt indeed, or 'twill never pass ; you will betray your self.

Lion. Never fear it, my Face is not so much as known among 'em, the Plot is admirable, and cannot fail, what shou'd I do there, if I were gelt ?

D

Merr.

Merr. You might look upon, touch, and sleep near your fair Fellow-Servant.

Lion. That won't do : I must and will enjoy her ; thou'lt hear of me in *Bedlam* else.

Merr. I shall have all the blame : besides, 'tis a dishonest action.

Lion. To save a Friend's life, is an honest action : nor can it be any wrong, to Cozen those that Cozen all the World.

Merr. I'll serve you for once ; but if any mischief comes on't, thank your self.

Lion. I'll dye, and never accuse thee.

Merr. You are strangely smitten at the first sight !

Lion. No. I saw her once when I was last in *Spain*, kneel'd by her at Mass, and talk'd of Love to her ; but cou'd not learn her Name or Quality : next day, she said she was to come for *England*.

I might have been drest, and there by this time, let's away.

Exeunt

Enter Bellamira, Isabella, and Thisbe.

Bell. My dearest *Isabella* ! now I have gotten thee here, I cou'd hug thee to pieces.

Isa. I am your Slave, your Servant, and all my Hopes the Creatures of your Goodness.

Bell. How did thy Youth and Beauty scape the roaring *Dangerfield* ?

Isa. He plac'd me with his Sister in the house, and she took care of me ; but if at any time he offer'd to be rude, I held a Dagger to my Breast, and vow'd to kill my self.

Bell. How chance he did not take it from thee ?

Isa. He did, and then I vow'd I'd starve my self to Death : he laugh'd at me a while ; but when he saw me pale, and weak, fully resolv'd to perish, he gave it me again : and so I escap'd.

Bell. My *Isabella*, tell me truly, wert thou ne'r in Love ?

Isa. What mean you, Madam ?

Bell. Did'st thou never find a Man more Charming than the rest, whose every word reach'd through thy Ears, thy Heart, whom thou cou'd'st sit and gaze upon all day, and sigh, and wish for all night ?

Isa. I have so many defects already, why will you press me to own a weakness, perhaps you will despise me for ?

Bell. No, I my self have been in Love, and have had alwaies some one Friend to whom I wou'd gladly sacrifice what I got from others.

Isa. If that be to be in Love, I never was.

Bell.

Bell. That's our way, who know the Perjuries and Villanies of Men ; How they all begin alike, with Vows, Oaths, and Proteſtations ; and end alike with Slights and Scorns and Falſhood : ſome difference there may be for a while, but no great matter.

Iſa. And are they all of this deceitful make ?

Bell. All that ever I met with ; What is it a falſe hearted Man won't ſwear to ſuch a pretty young Creature as thou art ?

Iſa. And will they Lye too, when they have Sworn ?

Bell. Moſt certainly ; but we that have experience, mind words no more than they themſelv's do, and only regard their Preſents. Say a kind thing ! every pitiful Fellow can do that : give me a Man that will do a kind thing

Enter Thisbe.

This. Are you upon that ſubject ? I have a couple of Servants, one is as much too Lean, as the other is too Fat ; I wou'd not loſe one of 'em for the World, they are Admirable in Conſort, Grumbling Baſe, and Squeaking Treble.

Bell. What, *Merryman* your Guardian and *Cunningham* ?

This. The ſame ; Men of Wit both : one a plain ſubſtantial Drunkard, I am ſure to hear of him when he gets a Bottle in his Head, for then he ever thinks of Women ; as Cowards do of Quarrelling, and moſt commonly I am ſhe.

Bell. How does the other behave himſelf ?

This. He's ſeldom in a condition to drink Wine ; but he will ſit a whole Afternoon at Cards, and ſay the ſoſteſt things !

Bell. And the ſharpeſt behind your back.

This. 'Tis all one for that, 'tis like I am even with him at the Years End.

Bell. But pretty *Iſabella* will not make her Confeſſion to us.

Iſa. 'Tis not worth your hearing. When I was Sold to *Dangerfield* by your wicked Uncle, in *Spain* I ſaw a man,

Bell. That's my dear Girl ! Come up with it.

Iſa. Of the Divineſt Form theſe Eyes had e're beheld.

This. Ne'r be aſham'd : Love, like the Small Pox, ſince it muſt be, is beſt had while we are young.

Iſa. He Kneel'd by me one day at Maſs, and look'd, and ſaid, and ſigh'd, the kindeſt things ! He ſeem'd ſurpris'd with me, as I was Charm'd with him.

Bell. Damn'd wheadling Rogue ! And all this at firſt ſight I warrant.

Isa. We never met, but then: next day I came for *England*: but sure I never shall be won to love another.

Bell. Pretty Innocence! this is a Nation of such men thou talk'st of; every Street affords a dozen of 'em. Come, thou shalt Love, and Love, and Love again, never fear it.

This. We'll shew her the Park, the Play-house, and the Drawing-Room.

Bell. She needs no Paint, for Complexion, but 'twill not be amiss to use Juniper Water, for good Humor, she is so melancholy, and looks as if she would not be acquainted.

This. It is fit men make the advance.

Bell. Some are such Jades, they must be Spur'd up, with a quick Eye, or wanton Glance.

Enter Silence and Betty.

Silence. Madam the Picture drawer staies for you: he saies you need not sit above half an hour.

This. This is some new Intrigue: Who is this Picture for?

Bell. It was begun for *Keepwell*, but I have promised it to *Dangerfield*. I hate the boistrous Fool, he may have that, but never the Original, tho he shall pay for every Inch on't.

Ex. all but Silence and Betty.

Betty. We are Servants and must be diligent in our Calling. I am sorry we are like to be troubl'd with this puling *Isabella*, there's more ado with her, then with my Mistress herself: she is so proud and Melancholly, one can't get a word from her in a day.

Sil. Who can blame her? she is well Born of a good Family in *Devonshire*; her Father and Mother dy'd when she was a Child, she has no friend left but her Brother, and him she knows not where to find yet, and if she shou'd, 'tis doubtful after being so long lost, whether he wou'd own her now.

Y-Betty. As the World goes 'tis like he may be willing to save her Portion

Sil. She has nothing at present to depend upon, but the Friendship of *Bellamira*: and if she be vertuous, as I believe she is, what a trouble must that be to her! Go and see if she wants any thing.

Betty. Let's both go I hate a strange Face.

Sil. Especially if it be better than your own.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I

Dangerfield, and Smoothly.

Dang. **I** Fear poor *Bellamira* will lay it to Heart, I have not seen her yet : how does she like my Present ?

Smooth. She is Ravish'd with it : yet seems to Prise the Giver Incomparably beyond the Gift.

Dang. I'll say that for *Dangerfield*, and a Figue for him, he makes his Presents with the best Grace of any Man in *England*, they are always well received.

Smooth. I have observ'd it ever. A Beating is better taken from you then any Man living.

Dang. I thank'em for that ; who dares do otherwise ?

Enter Merryman and Lionel.

Merry. Hold your Countenance, for yonder's *Dangerfield*.

Lion. Never doubt me : Tho I could laugh heartily, at this Martial Dress, and Furious Meen.

Dang. What ever was bravely perform'd in the Army, I still had the Honour on't ; the General wou'd have it so : to others he was not so Favorable.

Smooth. He that has your Wit, will make a small Service go a great way ; and often Reap in safety, the Fruit of other Mens dangers

Dang. Right : Not but I venture my Body as bravely as the meanest Soldier, when the General will let me, but, to say the Truth he seldom will, he loves me so Intirely,

Smooth. You charge as if you were Shot-free.

Dang. 'Tis my Comfort, that he that Shoots one Bullet into me, may chance to drive another out. The General wares me next his Heart, and often Trusts the Army to my single Conduct.

Smooth. It shews he is well Skil'd in Men.

Dang. And if at any time he's Tir'd with Impertinence of Suitors ; the Noise and tumults Incident to his great Charge ; he steals away with a Friend or two to me, there he unfolds his Wrinkled-Brows and Steeps his Cares in Wine within my Tent.

Smooth.

Smooth. The General, it seems, understands his Pleasure, and knows good Company.

Dang. No Man better. The Officers began to Envy me, and Mutter some od things; speak out the Boldest of 'em dare not. How does this Feather become me?

Smooth. Most Victoriously; You look like the Black Prince when he had just Plum'd the Prince of Denmark.

Dang. Thou art a pretty Historian, I have been told I am like him: but I'll tell thee, a certain young Captain, Bolder then the rest, seeing me Gay and Frolick, lashing every Body with my Wit, as thou know'st my way is; Sneer'd me in the Face, and ask'd me, if I wou'd never have Sown my wild Oats? I told him I cou'd never Sow'em in a better time, than when there was such a Goose as he by to pick'em up.

Smooth. Ha, ha, ha! You put the Goose upon him finely there; but what said he?

Dang. Nothing: the whole Company Laugh'd on my side; and he sneak'd away like a Dog, with a Bottle at his Tail.

Smooth. I'll say that for you, You are the best at Repartees!

Merry. This is the most Flattering Knave, and *Dangerfield* the greatest Coxcomb, I ever saw.

Lion. He Swallows any thing: they are well met.

Dang. Did'st never hear how I serv'd the Collonel, at *Bartholomew-Fair*?

Smooth. (He has told it me Fifty times; but I must prepare to Laugh at it again.) Never Sir; I long to hear it.

Dang. I had a pretty Wench with me; he star'd her in the Face somewhat Rudely: at last I told him, I wonder'd he that was but but a Hare himself, shou'd have a mind to a Cony!

Merry. That's one of the vilest Quibbles, I ever heard.

Lion. Let's hear how that Rogue will Flatter him for it.

Smooth. Ha, ha, ha! You had as good have call'd him Coward: a Hare is the fearfulest of all Beasts. Ha, ha, ha! I cou'd dye with Laughing, methinks I see him poor Fool!

Dang. I meant it so; but he durst not understand me. From that time forward I kept the whole Town in Awe with my Wit.

Smooth. I wou'd not come under your Lash, for a Thousand Pounds.

Dang. No, no, thou art an honest Fellow, and a great Judge of Wit and Parts. Thou shalt hear me Sing a Song that I made upon a Spanish Princess.

SONG.

*When first I made Love to my Cloris,
Cannon Oaths I brought down
To Batter the Town,
And I find her with Amorous Stories.*

*Bullets Down like small Shot did ply her,
And sometimes a Song
Went whizzing along,
But still I was never the nigher.*

*At last she sent Word by a Trumpet,
If I lik'd that Life
She wou'd be my Wife,
But never be any Man's Strumpet.*

*I told her that Wars wou'd not Marry,
And Swore by my Scars,
Single Combats, and Wars,
I'd rather Dig Stones in a Quarry.*

But is *Bellamira* fatisf'd I have no concern for *Isabella*?

Smooth. Have a care of that : on the Contrary do all you can to make her Jealous. T'will keep her in Awe : and when she Names *Keepwel*, be sure you to Answer her with *Isabella* : If she commend his Dancing, be sure to praise her Singing ; if she speak of his Shape, Extol her Face : give her as good as she brings ; 'twill make her Mad.

Dang. Ay, if she Lov'd me.

Smooth. How can she Chuse ? Your Person, your Parts, and your Reputation, are able to Charm any Woman Living : they all Love Soldiers ; and while she expects, and Loves, what you give, she Loves you, and will fear that the Stream of your Bounty shou'd turn another way.

Dang. Thou say'st right ; I wonder I shou'd not think of it my self.

Smooth. If you had thought at all, you wou'd certainly ; and of a Thousand better Devices than my poor Brains can furnish you with.

Enter Bellamira, and Silence.

Bell. I think I heard the Thundring Voice of my brave Man of Warr,
Welcome,

welcome, my *Hero*, my *Hercules*! what wou'd thy Enemies give that I cou'd hold thee thus for ever?

Dang. It wou'd save'em Ten Thousand ~~Mens~~ Lives, besides Castles, Towns, and their Dependances: but, my Life, my Joy, how dost thou like my Present? Is't not a fine Girl? I cou'd have had what Mony I wou'd of my General abroad, or here; but, I thought that below a Man of Honour: We had like to have Quarrel'd about her.

Merr. This is a Bragging Coward, as sure as a Painted Whore has an ill Complexion of her own: How bravely he begins with his own Honour, his Courage and his General!

Lion. And how he magnifies his own Present! which, to say truth, another cou'd not praise too much.

Merr. I have a small Present from your banish'd Servant *Keepwell*; but you are going out.

Bell. Not yet; but anon I must.

Dan. What, do we stay? I am in a Fever; I have not had Woman these two days.

Merry. I will but deliver what was committed to my Charge for her and then leave the Fever you complain of, to her Cure.

Dan. Some rare business, I warrant, we know the depth of *Keepwell's* Purse.

Merry. You shall see that, this Girl here is of *Ethiopia*, of the Royal Bloud there. Ile out lye him, if possible.

Dang. I bought a better for five Guineas, and gave her this Morning to my Landladi's Daughter.

Smooth. She looks like a Warden Roasted in the Embers, or the outside of a Gammon of Bacon.

Merry. Come forward, here's an Eunuch; a rare Jewel, how like you him?

Bell. He has a very good Face! How long have you been an Eunuch?

Lion. I never remember my self otherwise.

Merry. What saies *Dangerfield*, and *Smoothly*, ha, what fault do you find? They are silent, that's praise enough for an Enemy. Try him in *Italian*, *French*, *Spanish*, Musick, Danceing.

Dan. If I had this Eunuch alone, he shou'd find I were none.

Bell. Go in *Pisquil*, and look to your Charge.

Merry. And yet, Madam, my Friend that sends these Gifts, do's not ask that you shou'd live for him alone. Nor does he tell of his Fights, Battles, Storms, Sieges: nor does he boast of his Scars as some do; but, when it shall be no trouble to you and when you please, think it enough if he then be Receiv'd.

Dang.

Dang. You are very officious for your Friend Sir.

Merry. I shall take a time to tell you, what you are, Sir

Smooth. Officious for your Friend ! Ha, ha, ha ! You had as good have call'd him Pimp.

Dang. What dost Laugh at ?

Smooth. At what you said to him even now.

Merry. Thou that canst stoop to Flatter him thus, woud'st Eat Fire in a Fair for thy living, or Rake thy Meat off from a Dunghil

Bell. Let's not go together.

[*Exit. Merryman.*

Dang. I long to play my lower Tire of Guns at thee.

Bell. Go before to the Walk you know of by *Kensington*, and I'll meet you there.

Dang. I'll fly thither, as I were to beat up an Enemy's Quarters.

[*Ex. Dang. and Smooth.*

Bell. If *Eustace* comes hither ; when I am away, desire him to stay : If not, to come again : If he cannot, bring him to me ; you know where I Sup : Be sure you take care of *Isabella*, and let none come to her but the Eunuch.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Lionel, and Isabella.

Isa. Why dost gaze and follow me thus, as if thou wert my Shadow ?

Pisq. I am the Shadow of a Man indeed.

Isa. Leave me ; and when I want thy Attendance, I will send for thee.

Pisq. *Bellamira* charg'd me, not to stir from you, 'twou'd ill become me to disobey her first Commancs.

Isa. Thou art my Caoler then ?

Pisq. Not so ; I am your faithful Servant, and hope my Attendance, as it is to me a Pleasure, is to you no Burthen.

Isa. Wert thou ne'r in *Spain* ?

Pisq. Why do you ask ?

Isa. I know not, only a Foolish Curiosity I had : but 'tis Impossible. Joy seeks out Crouds, and Numbers ; but Griefs, like mine affect Retirement.

Pisq. You do Indulge your Melancholy too much ; If I may be so Bold, it strik's an Air of Sadness through the House.

Isa. I wou'd not have my Griefs Infectious : Go play among your Fellows.

Pisq. I have no power to stir.

Isa. How so ?

E.

Pisq.

Pisq. I fear you'll do your self some mischief, when I am gon: I dare not trust the Tempest on your Brow.

Isa. It is a harmless Storm, and will fall suddenly in Tears. The more I look upon this Youth, the more I think on him I lov'd in Spain: Those Eyes, that Face, and that bewitching shape!

Pisq. Pray leave me.

If I have offended, be gracious; and chide me; but do not thrust me from your presence.

Isa. Alas! I find no fault with thee at all; 'Tis Fate and my unhappy Stars, that I repine at.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, the Bath that was Commanded, is prepar'd.

Isa. There I may steep my Limbs, but not my Grief allwage. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eustace.

Eust. The more I think of *Bellamira's* sending after me in this manner, the more I am to seek what she means. When I went first to her, she entertain'd me with a deal of Discourse, far fetch'd, nothing to the purpose: At last she ask'd me, how long my Father and Mother had been Dead? I told her, a great while; then if I had not a Seat in *Devonshire*, near the Sea? which I have. May be she has a mind to it, and thinks to get it of me. At last, if I had not lost a young Sister? who she was with, and what she had about her when she was lost? What she ask'd all these Questions for, I cannot guess; unless she wou'd put her self upon me for that Sister, but if she be alive, she cannot be above seventeen; and *Bellarima* is as old as my self. Now she shall speak her mind plainly, or trouble me no more. Is your Mistress within.

Enter Silence.

Sil. No; but she desires to speak with you to Morrow, about the old business.

Eust. Come hither, let me talk with you a little about the old business.

Sil. I'll come no nearer; I know your Tricks well enough.

Eust. Will Ten Guineas do you any harm?

Sil. Nor Twenty neither; but what shall I tell my Mistress? Will you come?

Eust. I go into the Country to Morrow.

Sil. Pray come: She say's you'll repent it, if you do not:

Eust. I can't possibly.

Sil. Will you stay here at our house, till she comes in?

Eust.

Enst. Yes if you'll stay with me.

Sil. Not I. You do so rouse and tumble one, and keep one so hot.

Enst. Thou art a pretty Maid, and may't be a Mistress thy self.
I have seen worse Faces in Glafs-Coaches.

Sil. And better in *Bridewell*. I think I might serve for a Month or two; but what then?

Enst. Nay, if you be so cautious, you'll never have a house in the Mall.

Sil. Nor Dye in a Ditch, like *Jane Shore*.

Enst. Pattens, Worsted Stockins, and course Smocks, go with thee for a Fool.

Sil. Will you go to my Mistress where she sups anon, and I'll bring you to her?

Enst. But come hither, prethee come, you are as skittish, as if you were that same all over. She is as Nimble as a Squirrel, there's no catching her.
(*She runs from him.*)

Enter Cuningham, Thisbe, and her Maid.

Thisb. Come, now we are alone, sing me the last New Song.

SONG.

Thyrsis unjustly you Complain,
And tax my tender heart
With want of pity for your pain,
Or Sense of your desert.

By secret and Mysterious Springs,
Alas! our Passions move;
We Women are Fantastick things,
That like before we love.

You may be handsome, and have Wit,
Be secret and well-bred,
The Person Love must to us fit,
He only can succeed.

Some Dye, yet never are believ'd;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,
And proud to be undone.

Cun. Your humble Servant Madam : I left some Friends of yours at the *Rose* ; *Merryman* begun your health in a Bumper. I had much ado to get away ; but your Commands ———

This. No body here sent for you ; and of all Men living, I least expected you

Cun. When I received this pretty Billet Doux, my Heart went pit-a-pat ; and knew 'twas your's before I open'd it.

This. 'Tis a false Heart, believe it not another time.

Cun. If it be false, it was your Beauty first made it so.

This. Lightly come, lightly go ; and if I lose it, to another.

Cun. No Madam, you Conquer like the King of *France*. Your Subjects for ever after are at rest.

This. You said as much to the Flame-colour'd Petticoat in *New Spring Garden*.

Cun. She has Spies upon me : 'tis a good sign ! There was a Lady I must confess much of your light, your shape and meen ; at first I thought it was your self, and therefore I accosted her : And when I was entred into discourse, she ply'd me so fast with the Intrigues of the Town, I cou'd not handsomly get off.

This. I am not jealous of her : You need not take all this pains to clear your self Was she of Quality ?

Cun. Yes, sure : She knew me, and desired my Protection against some Bullies that were there. Your Note here speaks of Company that were to meet at Cards ; but 'tis more obliging in you to be thus alone.

This. Thou incorrigible piece of Vanity ! I neither sent for thee to Cards, nor any thing else. Let's see this Note : 'Tis a Scriv'ner's hand.

(Reads it.)

Cun. I have heard yours commended, and am apt to hope——

This. The most that ever I knew any man.

Cun. Those pretty Lips shou'd be corrected, for their pouting, and press'd with Kisses into their former Figure.

This. You shou'd be corrected, and made know your distance.

Cun. I am sorry to find you in so ill a humour, but I'll swear, that time at *Spring Garden*, we scarce spoke of any thing but your self : She as 'tis the manner of fine Women one of another, maliciously enough, but I, with all the tenderness and transport imaginable, I see *Merryman* coming ; I will take some fitter time for an Ecclaircissement. [Exit.

This. This Fellow has Vanity enough to extract Love out of an affront.

and wou'd Kiss the pretty Foot that shou'd Kick him down Stairs : He thinks all this is meer jealousy.

Enter

Enter Merryman.

Merry. These are those that can come, come without being sent for.

This. Or they shou'd not come at all for me.

Merr. We have drunk every Letter of your Name twice over; and spelt it with a double E at last.

This. 'Twas done like a discreet Guardian: You are drunk then.

Merr. No; half a score Glasses do but whet Wit and sharpen Appetite: A Bottle is the Spring-Tide of Love, and dull Sobriety the Lowest Ebb.

This. I love to see things at the worst, that I may know what to trust to.

Merr. You wou'd not be seen so your self: Don't you Ladies Dress, Patch and Curl, and Paint too, if there be occasion before you come abroad?

This. That's to please our selv's, and in competition to one another.

Merr. And that competition is about us filthy Fellows Was not *Cunningham* here?

This. He's just gone.

Merr. I sent him to you: We had a mind to drink a Bottle by our selv's, and cou'd not get rid of him, till I contriv'd a Letter in your Name for him. He shew'd it us like a vain Fool, immediately

This. He'll tell the whole Town: Pray undeceive him when you see him next; for all I cou'd say cou'd not do it.

Merr. Have you any *Mirabilis*?

This. I shou'd not see you so often if I had not.

Merr. We good Fellows have our Qualms, like Breeding Women.

This. And your great Bellies too, most of you: Which you go to lay at *Epsome*, and *Tunbridge Waters*.

Merr. When we are Marry'd Ple turn over a New Leaf.

This. Hold, 'tis not come to that yet; you are the envy of your Club: Four Hundred Pounds a Year, and neither Wife nor Child, and spend it all in Drink.

Merr. I am very conjugally given: I love of late to drink hand to hand with an old Friend; have left off supping, and go to Bed at Ten.

This. These are signs of a Body far spent in the service.

Merr. I will leave off drinking, Eat much, and get Children innumerable.

This. Not till you have been Flux'd: You are an old sinner, and I dare not venture upon you.

Merr. I am as sound as a Bell, Fat, Plump, and Juicy, and have drunk my Gallon a day these seven Years.

This.

This. However, 'twill mend your shape.

Merr. I have been told, I am as true a shap'd Drunkard as heart can wish; Great Belly, double Chin, thick Legs: You wou'd not have a Pad look like a Racer?

This. No; but I wou'd have you thought to get your Children, if I Marry you.

Merr. Ple Cut any Man's Throat that says the contrary.

This. But they will whisper and make Libels: Your great Belly will be a continual jest upon mine.

Mer. I will Drink Raking Rhenish, Eat Butter'd Wheat, Sweat in the Bagnio, and do any reasonable thing, to render my Person Gracious.

This. Every Jocky will do as much, to win a Tankard; but I must have no Morning Draughts, no Qualms that keep off Dinner till three a Clock, no Tun-belly'd Rogues, that fright Chair-men from the house, no Noisie Fools to disturb the whole Street with Loyal Catches, & senseless Huzzah's.

Merr. I have some Proviloes to offer too, in order to our future Peace and Quiet: I will have none of your Gaming Ladies to keep you up at Cards till I am ready to go out in the Morning, so that we have scarce time for the great end of Matrimony. No meetings at the China-houses; where under pretence of Rassing for a piece of Plate, or so, you get acquainted with all the Young Fellows in Town; three such accidental meetings go to visit, and three visits to something that shall be Nameless. No *Epsome* nor *Tunbridge* Waters, where Ladies and Gentlemen walk and prate up acquaintance, as fast as if it were in a Tavern.

This. You must either get me with Child the first Year, or give me leave to use the Lawful Means: I hope I may visit *Bellamira*.

Merr. She is not so handsome as she was, and begins to look something procurish; she is more dangerous than any Man; one Setter destroys more Patridge than ten Hawks, when you take me for better for worse, you must forsake her and all her Works.

This. When you take me for Rich or for Poor, you shall either leave your Drink or your Jealousie. I will not be troubled with an *Italian* and a *Dutch* Man, bound up in one Greasie Volume.

Merr. 'Tis a mad Age, a Man is Laught at for being a Cuckold, and wonder'd at if he take any Care to prevent it; well, I will leave all to thy discretion; and as thou hast been careful of thy own Credit hitherto, hope thou wilt be as tender of mine when I am thy Husband.

This. That's all you have to trust too: Now to shew you I will not be out-done in Generosity, you shall Dine in the City, and get Drunk among your old Companions sometimes; but I will have no Women brought

brought into the Company, on any pretence whatever.

Merr. My Land-lady, an Oyster-Wench, or so.

Thif. Not if she be under Fifty; you may be drunk at home: I will Dine with you, to keep off Beer Glasses while you Eat.

Merr. Content: I have a beastly Bumper at my Meals; we will have two Beds, for I will not come home drunk and get Girls, without I knew where to get Portions for 'um; in this Age they sowre and grow stale upon their Parents hands. *Luorece's* will scarce off, but to Forraigners.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A young Gentleman in the Street hard by, says he must speak with you immediately.

Thif. 'Tis One of your drunken Companions; you had best go to him, we shall have him come hither else.

Merr. I wou'd Kick the best Friend in Christendom down Stairs, shou'd he offer it. Adieu for a while. [*Exeunt*

Enter Bellamira in Man's Cloaths, to her Merryman.

Mer. What's your business with me Sir?

Bell. If you will walk a little farther into the Square, I'll satisfy you, Sir. [*They walk a little farther.*

Now we are alone, the time and place convenient, I must tell you; you abus'd a person of Quality last Night, forc'd open her Lodgings, beat her Servants, broke her Windows, and call'd her all the Names imaginable.

Merr. That may very well be; I went home drunk, and scour'd outrageously: But what of that?

Bell. I am her Brother.

Merr. And come to swagger in her behalf?

Bell. I am come for satisfaction.

Merr. Her Name, Sir?

Bell. *Emilia.*

Merr. Her Lodging?

Bell. The Flower de Luce.

Merr. I always took it to be a Baudy-house,

Bell. It seems so; but I come to convince you to the contrary.

Merr. Sir, I believe you: And if you will bring me to wait on her, I will ask her Pardon: I am as much ashamed of a rudeness offer'd to a Person of Quality, when I am sober, as any Man living.

Bell. I thought what a Fellow I shou'd find.

Merr. My little Bully, will nothing serve you but Battle, Murder and sudden Death? *Bell.*

Bell. I came to fight Sir ; not to hear you prate.

Merr. Then pluck out, that I may Tap thee presently.

Bell. Hold, hold *Merryman*; dost thou not know me yet?

Merr. *Bellamira* in disguise !

Bell. The same.

Merr. Why this to me ? Faith you shall never find me backward to Man or Woman.

Bell. No, thou art a brave Fellow, I have occasion for such a one, and (now I have try'd you, and see you dare fight) all's well,

Merr. Am I to be your Ladyships Second ?

Bell. An easier Business.

Merr. As how ?

Bell. I have appointed *Dangerfield* to wait for me in the Walk near *Kensington*, which I so much delight in : Thus disguised I intend to Rob him, and have chosen thee for my Fellow-Adventurer. When we have frighted the roaring Fool sufficiently ; we'll find some way to give him his Money again.

Merr. We may be hang'd together very lovingly in earnest, tho' we Rob in jest.

Bell. If he shou'd discover, which he never will, I can prevail with him not to Prosecute ; Besides, the Lying Fool will swear for his Credit, we were at least a dozen ; my Heart is set upon this Frolick ; don't deny me.

Merr. 'Tis admirable ! 'twill be the best News for my Friend *Keepwell*.

Bell. He shall know it in due time I hate this *Dangerfield*, and now I have gotten *Isabella* out of his hands, I care not if he were hang'd.

Merr. And shall we Cudgel his Buff Coat sufficiently ?

Bell. 'Till it be as gentle as a Sheepskin.

Merr. Thou art a brave Wench, I Faith, I will drink thy Health hereafter by the Name of the *Pretty Padder*. I will borrow a Vizor of some over-grown Baud, and about it instantly. But shall we Sup together in Town afterwards ?

Bell. Sure you'll not wrong Friend *Keepwell* so much ?

Merr. Not for a World, if I thought you wou'd not ; but, he is at a distance, the Temptation present, and not to be resisted by frail Man.

Bell. You were always an Enemy of mine ; and yet I know not how, I ever lik'd your blunt way ; and cou'd not hate you heartily for it.

Merr. If you will make a Convert of me, this is the time.

Bell. You shall then promise me drunk or sober, to speak well of me to *Keepwell*.

Merr.

Merr. That's too hard, but, if I speak any ill of you, drunk: I will promise to deny it again when I am sober.

Bell. You shall never more tell him I will undo him, nor read him any discreet Lectures about my extravagance in Cloaths, Furniture, Equipage, Hours, or Company.

Merr. I never did sow dissention but with intent you shou'd make your benefit of it; for I am told after every little Quarrel, he buys his peace with a Coach and Horses, a Country House, Pearl Necklace, or some such trifle.

Bell. He does so; yet, but frequent Disputes may end in a Breach, and there are many fine Women that lie upon the Catch, to get him from me.

Merr. Fear him not, next to you he loves Money, and will never begin such another Expenditure in a new place. You have more Plate, than ten Christmings, more China, than many a Shop, more good Cloaths than the Play-house.

Bell. You had like to have undone me for all that, with your Stories; but he told me all when I had him alone.

Merr. I don't doubt it; I see advice is thrown away upon him, and I will trouble him with no more; but, be thy Servant to all intents and purposes. [Kisses her.

Now the Peace is agreed on, we'll Sign and Seal anon.

Bell. You'll tell him one time or other when you are drunk together.

Merr. He'll not believe me if I shou'd. Well I am a Rogue to betray my Friend thus; but, who wou'd not be taken off with such a Bribe? Besides, in matter of Women, we are all in the State of Nature, every man's hand against every man. Whatever we pretend. [Exeunt.

Enter Eustace.

Eust. I wonder what's become of *Lionel*; he has not appear'd this day or two. I will go to *Bellamira's* and know where she Sups that I may meet her, and know the end of her affair with me. Who's this walks this way? He is transported, and talks to himself.

Enter Lionel.

Lion. If a man car'd to be alone he shou'd be troubled with forty Coxcombs, and ten times as many impertinent Questions: But now I am ready to burst with Joy, and Secrets, I can meet no Friend to vent myself to.

Eust. This is *Lionel*, for all his disguise, I know him. How now, *Lionel*?

Lionel? What's the meaning of this habit? I never saw a man so overjoy'd: are you in your Wits?

Lion. Oh, my dear Friend! There is not a man on Earth, to whom I would so gladly impart my secret Joy, or inward Grief as to thy self.

Eust. 'Tis the happiness of friendship that the one is improv'd, the other less'n'd, by our doing so: But what means all this?

Lion. I am impatient till you know; this is the happiest day of all my Life: And I cou'd be contented to die this Minute, least some succeeding Misfortunes shou'd defile this sincere Joy. You know *Bellamira*, my Brothers Mistress.

Eust. I have seen her twice or thrice.

Lion. There was this day a young Maid given her by *Dangerfield* my Brothers Rival, the finest Creature that ever my Eyes beheld; not above seventeen, a man flying for his Life wou'd stop to gaze upon her.

Eust. I am not of your opinion, but what of her?

Lion. Seeing her in the Street, I fell in Love with her. By good fortune, we had an Eunuch, which my Brother had promis'd to *Bellamira*: Nor was he yet deliver'd; *Merriman*, who undertook to carry him advis'd me, seeing me dying for this young Woman.

Eust. What did he advise you?

Lion. To change Cloaths with this Eunuch, and be presented to *Bellamira*, in his stead.

Eust. What, for an Eunuch.

Lion. I have a pretty Voice, Smooth Chin.

Eust. What cou'd you propose to your self?

Lion. To see her, and be alone sometimes with the Divine Creature: Do you count all that nothing? In short, I was presented to *Bellamira*, and received with great Joy, and without the least Suspicion, she left me at home, and recommended this beautiful Creature to my sole care.

Eust. 'Tis impossible.

Lion. She did it.

Eust. Most discreetly.

Lion. Most fortunately. I'll tell thee more, she commanded no Body shou'd come near her, but my self; and that I shou'd not stirr from her, in the farthest part of the house. I blush'd, look'd down, and modestly said it shou'd be done.

Eust. Oh Rogue! thy Discourse has Fingers in it.

Lion. *Bellamira* goes but to Supper, her Servants follow her, except some of the meanest sort: Presently they prepare a Bath for the fair Stranger; this beautiful Creature is call'd to go into the Bath.

Eust.

Eust. What before you?

Lion. Yes, before an Eunuch sure. She goes in, returns, the Servants put her to Bed : I ask if they have any service for me : *Pisquil*, says one, (for so I was call'd) Take this Fan, and cool my Mistress with it, as she lies.

Eust. Oh, that I cou'd have seen thee with those gloating Eyes, Fanning a Naked Woman! an Asinego as thou art.

Lion. Presently all the Maids run, some one way, some another, as Servants do when their Masters are abroad ; in the mean time this beautiful Creature falls asleep : I look about me, to see if all were fast, I Bar the Door,

Eust. What then?

Lion. What then, my *Eustace*? Can you ask and know me? Shou'd I have slipt so fair, so wish'd, so unexpected an Opportunity, I must have been that Eunuch that I seem'd.

Eust. You ravish'd her then,

Lion. What else? I took her by Storm, having no leisure for a Siege : I found her the same Woman I fell in Love with in *Spain*.

Eust. She we so often talk'd of?

Lion. The same : and which is more, she remembered me again: Never was Man so Happy ! never was Accident so Fortunate !

Eust. Did she not Cry out ?

Lion. There was no Body within hearing.

Eust. 'Twas something a harsh way.

Lion. No Woman ever heartily fell out with a Man about that Business, I'll try to soften her in my own Person!

Eust. Won't you change your Cloaths?

Lion. How shall I change 'em? Or whither shall I go? I dare not go home, for fear of my Brother : Then again, if my Father shou'd be come out of the Country !

Eust. Come to my house, out of the Street however.

Lion. Agreed.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Dangerfield, and Smoothly.

Dan. 'T Is strange *Bellamira* appears not, we have been here a great while.

Smooth. I wonder she mak's no more hast to her own happiness! the *Spanish* Ladies wou'd not have serv'd you so.

Dan. Nay, I'll speak a bold word; *French, Spanish, or Italian*; I was ever the delight of Ladies, I was the Terror of Men.

Smooth. Perhaps she has been overturn'd, broke a Wheel, or some such Accident: may be her sneaking Lover's return'd.

Dan. Who *Keepwell*? that fearful Hind, that ran out of Town at the News of my Arrival, least I shou'd Kick him to Jelly?

Smooth. 'Tis almost Night, what if we shou'd be Robb'd here?

Dan. What if the Skie shou'd fall? or a Flock of Sheep root a marching Army? If all these Hedges were lin'd with Musqueteers I wou'd not yield.

Smooth. If a Hog shou'd start out and rustle, he wou'd run away. [*Aside.* A Volley of Shot is Musick to your great-Heart; but what shall poor I do?

Dan. This Fellow is as Cowardly as I am Rash, and Advent'rous, Creep behind me, and be as safe as in a Brazen Tower, I'll shew thee how I kill'd *Don Alonzo* in *Spain*.

Smooth. I dare not stand: You'll run such a Fellow as I through with a Scabbard on.

Dan. On my Honour, as I love danger, I will not hurt thee. He ran furiously upon me.

Smooth. And did you look so terribly, as you do now?

Dan. Worse if possible.

Smooth. He was a brave Man then.

Dan. The bravest Fellow I ever had to do with: He had Kill'd Nine Men in Duel, made two and twenty Campagns, been in eight Sea-Fights and thirteen pitch'd Battles.

Enter Merryman and Bellamira.

Merr. Here he is Fencing with his Man.

Smooth.

Smooth. Thieves, Thieves ! Murder ! Look to your self.

Bell. Your Mony.

Merr. Deliver Sirrah.

Dan. Take it you Scoundrels, and thank Heav'n I am not in an angry Mood

Merr. Will a good Cudg[e] put you into it ? [*Lays him on.*]

Dan. No : *Venus, Venus*, rules the day, I am all Peace and Love : My Vigour is design'd to other purposes than Fighting with Rascally Fellows.

Merr. We must have this Pearl out of your Ear.

Dan. 'Twas given me for my service at the Siege of *Dunkirk*, as a Mark of Honour.

Bell. Make hast, we shall be forc'd to Crop you else.

Merr. Let's remove 'em a little farther, and tie 'em Back to Back, and leave 'em.

Dan. I'll have satisfaction for this Affront, you Rascals, I scorn the slow pac'd Revenge of Law, 'tis Blood I'll have.

Merr. That you may not forget, I will give you this farther Remembrance.

Bell. Come away with the Rascals.

Dan. Well, Stripling well, no more to be said. [*Exeunt.*]

This be in the Bailiffs Hands

1. *Bay.* I'll stay no longer sending up and down : Can you pay the Mony ?

This. In a short time I can.

2. *Bay.* Have you any Friend that will be bound with you ?

This. I have ; but I am so unfortunate, they are not within.

1. *Bay.* Come, come, away to Prison.

This. If you have the Hearts of Men, take Pitty on my Youth. This is all the Mony I owe in the World, and I shall suddenly discharge it ; but if you disgrace me thus, I am undone for ever.

1. *Bay.* We are Officers, and must obey our Warrant. Come along.

Enter Cuningham and Eustace.

Cun. What's here *This be in the hands of Bailiffs!* I will Kill two Birds with one Stone at once, I will shew my Courage, and my Love in rescuing my Mistress. Let's never suffer these Rascals to carry her off.

Eust. I will not Fight against the Law : A Bailiff and a Hangman are as necessary as a Lord Chief Justice, in a Government.

Cun. I will draw and be Knock'd down, in her Quarrel by my self then.

Eust. Hold, hold : I will draw my Purse and rescue her a surer way.

This.

Thif. Is there no way for my deliverance?

Cun. I'll Bail her.

1 Bay. We must have City Security ; no *Covent Garden Bully*?

Eust. What's the Sum?

1 Bay. Two Hundred Pound. What do we stand talking with her? away.

Thif. Oh I am Miserable !

Cun. Hold, you shall have your choice of six Play Debts : *Sir Thomas Whiskin* owes me three hundred pound ; will you take that for your Mony ? or *Harry Hothead* shall be your Pay-master.

1 Bay. Nothing but our Mony down, or good Security.

Eust. Why, Then here's your Mony down you Rascals.

2 Bay. Now you say something. Much good may do you : She is very pretty, and as cheap as Neck-Beef.

Thif. This Redemption as I never can deserve, so I cannot too much acknowledge your surprising Generosity to a Stranger, known to you by nothing but distress.

Eust. Preserve your thanks till you find to whom they are due, I am but the Instrument of your deliverance, and was employ'd by a Servant of yours, who cou'd not come himself, for some reasons you shall know hereafter.

Thif. May I not know his Name ? that I may return him his Mony at least.

Eust. He charg'd me to the contrary.

Cun. I cou'd almost forswear Play, since my ill Fortune has put me out of condition of doing this small Service, but I was ready with my Sword.

Thif. 'Tis much better as it is.

Cun. I did not throw one Man in two hours, I lost three sets at Back-Gammon, and a Tout at Trick-track, all ready Mony ; the rude Fellows have frighted the Roses from your Cheeks.

Thif. This Rogue my Tylor that Arrested me, came but three days ago to know if I had any service to command him : There must be something farther in't.

Cun. Perhaps some envious Woman set him on : there is as much malice among the Beauties as among Wits : Will you give me leave to wait on you home ! there are rude Fellows abroad , and you may meet with some Affront.

Eust. Madam we will secure you from that.

Thif. Your Servant.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Keepwell and Silence.

Keep. How does my dearest *Belamira*? Does she not think I have mortified my self enough.

Sil. You may guess: She is gone out with *Dangerfield*.

Keep. I know it too well.

Sil. Oh this Villain, Viper, Satyr! where shall I find him? or how torment him when I have found him? we are all undone, Abus'd Cheated!

Keep. My heart misgives me strangely, and I have scarce Courage to ask what's the matter. Here have been Scourers, breakers of Windows:

Sil. As soon as he had his will of her, to run away, and leave us thus! but if I light of him, I'll tear his Goatish Eyes out.

Keep. Here has been some disorder in my absence: who is't you threaten thus? whom do you speak of?

Sil. As if you did not know, and be hang'd with your pretious Gifts.

Keep. They are such your Mistress wou'd never let me rest till she had 'em: if she don't like 'em, now, she may thank her self.

But what's the matter?

Sil. The Eunuch you gave us made brave work!

Keep. Oh, is that a'l? not work for a Midwife, I am sure.

Sil. It may be in time. He has Ravish'd the young maid *Dangerfield* gave my Mistress.

Keep. 'Tis impossible: he is as innocent as the Child Unborn.

Sil. What he is I can't tell; but by his works, he's no more an Eunuch than your self: the young Maid is all in Tears: We cannot get a Word from her: Pray Heaven she does herself no mischief. She casts down her Eyes, and sighs as if her heart wou'd break; The Rascal's no where to be found; 'tis well if he have not robb'd us at parting too.

Keep. I am strangely amaz'd; he knows no place in Town, no person, and has no where to go, but to my House.

Sil. Let's see if he be there. Our Maids have sworn every one to have a Limb of him.

Keep. I have heard these Eunuchs have been very amorous; but never heard of such a Prank: besides this was taken in an *Algerine*, an Eunuch after the *Turkish* manner.

Sil. He look'd so demurely, I thought Butter wou'd not have melted in his Mouth, I hope you will make sure work with him before you send him again. But see *Isabella* herself.

Enter

Enter Isabella.

Keep. I'll speak to her, and know the truth.

Sil. You had better step aside and observe her: you'll put her out of Countenance.

Isa. Torn from my Parents and my Country young;
Then in a Foreign Land expos'd to Sale.

After some few removes when but a Child,
I to the hands of *Bellamira* fell,

Then to rude *Dangerfield* by Fortunes spite
Strangely betray'd; and now again restor'd,
I know not how, nor why, nor on what score.

Misfortune sure like mine never was.

In every Change and State I still preserv'd

My Honor boldly by Contempt of Life,

Vow'd the same hour should rob me of 'em both:

The Resolution was so new, it check'd his Lust.

But what do's it avail to keep from Thieves

That Wealth we must anon to Pyrats lose?

No sooner here, but like an Eunuch,

A bold Lover com's and rifles me of all;

Vow'd to return, Marry and take me hence;

But Men are False, Women believing Fools:

Yet this is he that Lov'd me when in *Spain*,

And my poor heart first kindled at his Fire

Till he returns I will not Cherish Life,

Nor sleep nor nourishment shall prop this Frame:

My Husband he will be or Murderer. [Exit,

Keep. Poor Lady! she has dissolv'd my Eyes: Her Passion's great; but
I'll go home and kill *Pisquil*: thou shalt go and see the Execution.

Sil. We'll slay the Lustful Swine. [Exeunt

Enter Bellamira, Dangerfield, and Smoothly.

Bell. My dear man of War! bouncing Bully! did'st thou not begin to despair of me?

Dan. When we were ty'd back to back and thrown into that Ditch,
I began to think we must have lain in the Field all Night, as I have done,
for my part, half my life time.

Bell. You have not been robb'd I hope?

Dan. Yes, faith the Rogues surpriz'd us e're we cou'd get our Swords out

Bell

Bell. Not of much?

Dan. Of a hundred Pieces, and some Medals, given me by Forraign Princes and States, for my good Service in the Wars.

Bell. I am the unhappiest woman in the World! and all this staying for me! how many were the Rogues?

Dan. Half a Foot Company.

Smoo. Such as we us'd to Muster in *Flanders*.

Bell. How many is that *English*?

Dan. A dozen Arm'd with Sword and Pistol.

Smoo. There were more of 'em not far off if need had been.

Dan. The Captain of 'em was such another fat fellow as *Merryman*: I shall know him again if I see him; and if I do, I make one entire bruise of him. He laid on me most unmercifully.

Bell. Who unbound you?

Dan. An honest Country fellow, who came by, by accident.

Bell. I have been overthrown too by a Gentlemans Coachman, who threw us in the dirt; and I was forc'd to go home to shift.

Dan. Know you the Livery? I will have satisfaction, or make him turn away his sawcy Servant: I am rusty, for want of Fighting.

Bell. If I did I would tell you, you are so apt to thrust your self into Quarrels; 'tis a sad thing to love a brave man, a Woman is ever in one fright or other: if they have the discretion not to be Principals, they must be Seconds in every idle business.

Dan. I never fail'd but once, of disarming my man.

Smoo. And then you had the Misfortune to run him clean through the heart.

Dan. I fled into *France* upon it.

Bell. What if I help you to your Money and Jewels again?

Dan. I'll give you Fifty Pounds. Can you guess who robb'd us?

Bell. No, but I'll take you at your word. Stop here at *Knightsbridge*, there is a Justice, swear your loss before him since you were robb'd between Sun and Sun, and the Country is oblig'd to make it good.

Smoo. Here's Fifty pounds well gotten. This is a Witty Wench, I am half in Love with her my self.

Dan. I had rather lose it all, then swear before one of those Children of the Gown.

Bell. Nay you shall do it: 'twill soon be over, and then we'll Sup in Town.

Smoo. Now must I forswear my self, or lose my Place: Let me see, that I may not be out: The Robbers were Twelve, the Mony lost, a

Hundred Pieces, besides Medals and Rings to the value of as much more. [Exeunt.]

Enter Keepwell, Pisquill, Silence, Betty.

Keep. Come out you Rogue, you Rascal: will nothing go down with you, but, Maiden-heads?

Pisq. I beseech you, Sir

Keep. How came you hither again? What's the meaning of these Cloaths? speak; if we had stay'd never so little longer he had been gone, he was preparing for his journey, I see.

Betty. Where is he? That I may stick my Bodkin in him.

Keep. Don't you see him?

Betty. No if I did, I'd teach him to come with his edg'd Tooles amongst poor harmless Maids.

Sil. It might have been some of our Cases; and I pitty *Isabella* with all my heart: But are you sure you have him fast?

Keep. Why there he is, just before you.

Sil. What that poor Wretch? That swallow face was never within our doors. There's a Ravisher indeed!

Bett. Cou'd you think this was he that we complain'd of?

Keep. I never had any other.

Sil. This fellow is no more to our *Pisquill*, than a Calf is to a Lion.

Bett. He you sent us had a sweet Face, delicate Shape, quick Eye, and a promising Countenance.

Keep. Fine Feathers make fine Birds: You see him now in plain Cloaths, at his worst.

Sil. There's more in't then so: Ours was young, handsome in his prime; this is a Wither'd, Worn-out, Weather-beaten, Weasil-fac'd Fellow.

Keep. I shall begin to think I don't know my right hand from my left, if this be true. Come hither Sirrah, *Pisquill*, did not I give Fifty pound for you?

Pisq. You did, Sir.

Bett. Now let me ask him a question: Do you know our house.

Pisq. No, nor you neither.

Sil. *Merryman* brought us a young fellow of Nineteen that wou'd have known us all over and over, if he had stay'd.

Keep. How come you by these Cloaths? Why don't you answer me, you Rascal?

Pisq. One Mr. *Lionel* came.

Keep.

Keep. What, my Brother?

Pisq. He said so.

Keep. When?

Pisq. To day.

Keep. with whom?

Pisq. With *Merryman* only.

Keep. Did you know he was my Brother?

Pisq. Mr. *Merryman* told me so: he gave me these Cloaths and took away mine; then they went both together.

Keep. I am undone, *Bellamira* will never endure this affront, nor ever be perswaded but I was privy to it.

Sil. It may cost you a Weeks Banishment or so; but what think you, am I sober? am I in my right Wits? No, I ly'd! I was a Fool! the Eunuch was as Innocent as a Lamb Poor *Isabella*! Is not she undone, ruin'd for ever.

Keep. No, he shall marry her and make her an honest woman, will not that satisfie?

Pisq. Alas Sir I have nothing to satisfie a woman with neither by night nor by day, I am a poor despicable Eunuch. If I Marry your Worship must get my Children and keep 'em too.

Sil. My Mistrefs will never like that.

Keep. The Wench he Ravish'd is but a Servant Maid, or at most one that has no friends, I'll give 'em a Farm of twenty pound a year, and make up all that way:

Pisq. I beseech you Sir Drown or Hang me out of the way, but name not Marriage to a wretch in my condition.

Keep. Sirrah Ple have it so. *Will nothing down with you but forbidden fruit? you have no stomach to a Woman in a lawful way and be hang'd.*

Pisq. I am your true, your very Eunuch *Pisquil*! what pranks have been play'd in my name I know not; let any of these Maids examine me, alas! I am under no circumstances of Wedlock.

Betty. Out upon him filthy Creature. I wou'd not touch him for a World.

Sil. I had rather handle a dead Corps; three such Fellows were enough to breed a Plague.

Bett. I'll take my Corporal Oath this is not he that was at our House.

Sil. I never saw two men in my life more unlike than this odious Fellow and our *Pisquil*.

Keep. I am resolv'd he shall Marry her though it cost me Forty pound a year; *Bellamira's* House must not be thus affronted.

Sil. Sir you mistake, *Isabella* is a Gentlewoman sits at Table with my Mistress, and wou'd not Marry such a fellow for all you are worth.

Keep. What shall we do then?

Sil. Let's find out the true Ravisher, if he refuse to marry her, take the Law of him and Hang him.

Keep. Come hither *Pisquil*: Did *Lionel* put on thy Cloaths and leave thee his?

Pisq. By all that's good he did.

Keep. And put on thine?

Pisq. Yes in the Room.

Bett. He came to us indeed in a strange fashion'd habit.

Keep. This *Lionel* is the most wicked, Impudent, and I the most unhappy of mankind! I have sent a Stone-horse among Mares.

Sil. Now don't you think my Mistress has been finely serv'd by you and your lewd Brother?

Keep. I am undone if all this comes to *Bellarmira's* Ear: she talk'd of a great Summ she hop'd to get by restoring this young Woman to her Friends: I am afraid 'tis I must pay it now; No man will own her, having been thus abus'd. Sirrah deny all again instantly.

Pisq. Let me alone, Sir I'll set all right.

Keep. I'll get the truth out of thee, or I'll beat thee in a Mortar. When was my Brother here?

Pisq. Four days ago.

Keep. Never since?

Pisq. No indeed Sir,

Keep. See what a Lying Rogue this is now! I have had him but two days, and he saies my Brother chang'd his Cloaths with him four dayes ago.

Bett. He said quite otherwise but now, and that it was this day.

Keep. Damn him Rogue, he falters in his Evidence, and I wou'd not hang a Dog upon his Testimony; are not you a fine Rascal to lay this villany upon my Innocent Brother?

Pisq. I do confess; pray Sir pardon me, I was afraid.

Keep. Get you out of my sight you lying Rogue.

Sil. He is a Lying Rogue now I dare swear.

Betty. He dares not stand to his first story: *Keepwell* has threatned him.

Sil. This is all *Merryman's* contrivance; but if I be not even with him, may I dye a Maid. Well *Dangerfield* and my Mistress were at high words after Supper: She gave me her Gold and Jewels to carry home; a sure sign she'l not stay long behind.

Bett.

Betty. I'll go Home.

Keep. I'll go to *Merryman* and learn the bottom of this business, that I may know what to say to my offended *Bellamira*.

Enter Merryman and Bellamira.

Merry. I will turn Turk but I will avoid Wine hereafter, that *Eternal* Foe to better sport, Can my dear *Bellamira* forgive her poor entertainment.

Bell. Why not, as well as you do a weak Brother who can drink but his Bottle. You may sit up till morning tho he leave you at Nine, the Application is easie.

Merr. I will leave my Mornings draught of Mum and Wormwood, and Breakfast hereafter upon new laid Eggs, Amber-greece and Gravy.

Bell. Trouble not your self, I will Breakfast before I come to you, and Sup heartily before I go to bed.

Merr. This Paunch of mine shall down, I will no longer suffer my Virile virtue to be Eclips'd by this Globe of Earth, Bisket my Meat, Fennel Water and Vinegar shall be my Drink this twelve Months.

Bell. Your Penance is too severe, meerly for a sin of Omission, I like you the better for it : Your honest nature wou'd not suffer you to wrong your friend too much, when it came to the point

Merr. My honest over-grown body wou'd not keep pace with lewd Will ; for which I am resolv'd to mortifie it, no more Bumpers, no Dinners that last till Midnight, no City Feast, no Huzzahs.

Bell. You are in Love elsewhere, and keep your self for pretty Mistress. *Thisbe.*

Merr. I never saw Play, but I was willing to throw away what I had about me.

Bell. Well I must leave you, *Keepwell* I fear is in Town.

Merr. That word leave you, alwaies puts me into a Cold Sweat, and if a man were Cock'd and Prim'd, is enough to make a man miss Fire. Can't you stay one Minute ?

Bell. To what purpose, I have been here a great while, sure 'tis late, your Company stay for you, the Bottles are upon the Table by this time.

Merr. Wou'd you had never talk'd of going, I am the worst at paying Money upon a Pinch, can't you stay one quarter of an hour ?

Bell. I have appointed business with *Eustace* and must be gone.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, *Keepwell* is coming up Stairs, I told him you were asleep, he must needs speak with you.

Merr.

Merr. Step in there, I'll send him away presently.

Enter Keepwell, he gets a glimpse of Bellamira.

Keep. Merryman with a Wench, nay then we are all Mortal.

Merr. 'Tis only a Wine Cooper's Daughter that has brought me some taste of *Pontack* out of her Fathers Cellar.

Keep. Sings) *Her Breasts of Delight, are two Bottles of White, and her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.* I hope we shall have no more Lessons of Thrift, no pious Exhortations, no Lectures against Love: Why she has as good Cloaths as my *Bellamira*.

Merr. But I don't Pay for 'em as you do.

Keep. Prithee let me see her, I have trusted thee with my *Bell*. a hundred times.

Merr. You won't like her and then I shall be laugh'd at, besides this is the first time, she is a young modest Sinner and I have given her my word.

Keep. What, art thou asham'd of her?

Merr. Nor proud of her neither, as you are of your Tyrant *Bellamira*.

Keep. Never speak against my *Bell*. she is the prittiest little pouting tempestuous Rogue sometimes, but 'tis soon over, and then she is so calm again, the *Halcyon*, might breed upon her Lips.

Merr. You are grown Poetical since you went into the Country.

Keep. Prithee let me see thy Punk, thy Cockatrice, thy Harlot.

Merr. Good words, you don't know who you speak off.

Keep. I'll set my foot against the door.

Merr. You won't be such a Brute. [*How shall we get rid of him?*]

Keep. I am very Rampant.

Merr. I have that will take down your Courage. *Dangerfield* has sent me a Challenge for delivering your Eunuch and Black in his Presence.

Keep. Why didst thou do it in his Presence?

Merr. 'Tis past now, and you must be my Second.

Keep. Pox on't I did not mean rampant for Fighting, I meant for th'other business, I have no malice to any man living but am wond'rous loving.

Merr. We are to meet an hour hence, the time is short, I cannot possible find another Friend; besides, 'tis partly your own quarrel.

Keep. Hang him he makes a Trade of Fighting, and kills men by the year.

Merr. We must try, what Mettle he is made off.

Keep. Let me alone, I will bring you off with Honour, and without Fighting.

Merr.

Merr. How so?

Keep. The Officer of the Guard is my intimate Friend, I will acquaint him with the Quarrel and get us all secur'd ; I have scap'd hitherto by his means, and yet have sent and receiv'd some Challenges in my Life time ; he saves more Bloodshed than all the Parsons in Town with their Sermons against Duelling.

Merr. I have no great Lust for Fighting, if you can take it up handsomely, with all my heart, but you must about it instantly for the time is short.

Keep. I am gone out be sure you stay at home.

[*Exit.*

Merr. I knew this was a sure way to be rid of him.

[*He is gone.*

Enter Bellamira.

Bell. And so must we, the Guard will be here presently else ; You cou'd not help calling me Tyrant to *Keepwell* tho you knew I was within hearing.

Merr. I must talk a little after the old rate, 'twill breed suspicion in him shou'd I change my Note all of a suddain, but I will drink him up every Night, and send him to thee so loving.

Bell. Drink him down rather, pray, let him alone as he is. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Silence and Eustace.

Sil. Oh, Sir, how is it between my Mistress and her Man of War?

Eust. Not so as it might be between thee and me, if thou wou'dst be rul'd.

Sil. I am rull'd by my Friends and Relations.

Eust. They'll undo thee *Silence*, if thou heark'nest to 'em : thou wilt spend thy Youth in Service, and in thy Age be eaten up with Children.

Sil. Better so than with the Pox : I had rather be a Coblers Wife, than the best Man's Whore in the Land.

Eust. This is a wicked Principle, and has undone more young Women!

Sil. If I must be ruin'd, I'll be ruin'd in an honest way.

Eust. A Woman ruin'd in an honest way is the vilest, contemptiblest thing imaginable : give me a Woman ruin'd with a Coach and six Horses, a house in the *Mall*, fine Equipage ! and all this thou might'st be in a fair way to Compass.

Sil. But what of my Mistress and *Dangerfield*?

Eust. They are all to pieces.

Sil. About what?

Eust.

Eust. About a young Maid *Dangerfield* gave her: nothing will serve but he'll have her again.

Sil. She will never meet with such a Loyal, Obedient Lover, as *Keep-well*.

Eust. He is the Top Cully of the Town. But here she comes her self.

Enter Bellamira.

Bell. I believe he'll come to take her away by force; but let him offer to touch her with a Finger, I'll pluck his Eyes out. I can bear with his impertinences and big words; while they are but words; but if he offer violence, I know what he is at the bottom, and can find those that can Cudgel him.

Eust. I have expected you a good while here.

Bell. Do you know that *Dangerfield's* last Quarrel and mine was a Concern of yours?

Eust. He was not Jealous of me?

Bell. No: but while I endeavour'd to restore your lost Sister, to you, as I think in Conscience I ought; I suffer'd what you see, and more from him.

Eust. You have several times talk'd to me of a Sister of mine, lost from our house in *Devonshire*; but I always look't upon it as a meer *Wheadle*.

Bell. One that has an ill name, is half hang'd: but, I assure you, I was in earnest, as I shall make appear to you by infallible Circumstances.

Eust. I lost indeed a Sister, about twelve years since, but where she is, Heaven only knows.

Bell. Yes I know she is at home.

Eust. What at your house?

Bell. Yes at my house: my Mother bred her, as if she had been her own, you need not be asham'd to own her.

Eust. She bred her up from a Child! I like that well: then this is not she that *Dangerfield* gave her yesterday, and that *Lionel* Ravish'd.

Bell. I doubt not of your Gratitude, when you see her: She's a delicate Creature.

Eust. How old is She?

Bell. Seventeen.

Eust. The very Age that *Lionel* mention'd: I am undone again! She had my Father's Picture on, when she was lost.

Bell. She has it still and kisses it a hundred times a day.

Eust. A bite by a Monky upon her left arm.

Bell.

Bell. She has so. If I shew her you with these Tokens will you not thank me, and own her?

Eust. Yes, if you have not taught her your own Trade.

Bell. By my Life, she is as innocent, as when you lost her first, we ever kept a strict hand over her. By good fortune *Keepwell* gave me a fine Eunuch, to his care I have intrusted her and charg'd him not to stir from her.

Eust. Hell, and Damnation! The Eunuch was *Lionel*. [Aside.
I have heard as much, Madam:

Bell. Who cou'd tell you?

Eust. I know not: I heard in the Town, you had an Eunuch.

Bell. Now let's have a care we don't both lose her, for this is she that *Dangerfield* gave and threatens to take away again.

Eust. It is too apparent, no sooner found, but lost, my *Isabella*: Lost, to thy Fame thy Family for ever.

Bell. You seem disorder'd: are you well?

Eust. A little surpris'd, at the unexpected discovery of my dear Sister. But why did you not tell me this sooner?

Bell. I had her of *Dangerfield* but yesterday.

Eust. Did you not tell me you were bred up together?

Bell. Yes, but how we first met, how we parted, how *Dangerfield* got her, I will tell you at more leisure, he threatens to take her away by force; you are not afraid of him?

Eust. Of no man less. I have a sudden Qualm come over me; I have drunk too much Wine.

Bell. Come in I'll give you some *Mirabilis*. [Exeunt.

Enter *Dangerfield*, Smoothly, Bullies, and Link Boyes.

Dan. I'll teach her to provoke a man of Honour, *Culverin*, *Wildfire*, and *Hackum*, follow your Leader: First I'll pull the house about their Ears.

Smoo. Spoken like your self.

Dan. I'll slit her Nose, then give her the Trant'vne.

Smoo. It will be a brave revenge, and make you Terrible through the World.

Dan. Advance *Culverin*, with the Link-boys: *Hackum* command thou the right Wing; and thou *Wildfire* the left.

Boyes. Here, here, here.

Dan. I my self will bring up the Rear, give the Sign for the on-set, and be ready to assist you with my Conduct, if need be.

Smoo. What a Jewel is experience in a General!

H

Dan.

Dan. I learnt this of *Monteculi*.

Eust. What bustle is that about the door?

Sil. Oh Mistress the House is beset : we are all undone.

Eust. Not with Thieves, I hope.

Bell. No, 'tis *Dangerfield* ; fear him not, he dares do nothing : A meer blustering Coward.

Hack. Shall we break the Windows?

Dang. Not yet my valiant Friends ; I see *Bellamira* at her Belcony : I'll proffer Peace ; and that refus'd, make War.

Smoo. O, the difference between Man and Man ! I never hear this Master of mine speak, but am the wiser for it.

Dan. Answer methou Punk, thou Cockatrice, thou Man-Leech, that suck'st their Marrow, and their Mony : When I gave thee *Isabella*, didst not thou promise me two-days entirely to my self.

Bell. Why you over-grown Booby, gelt with muddy Ale, Brandy, and Tobacco ; you had 'em and cou'd make no use of 'em.

Dan. Next did not you bring your Stallion there under my Roof, talk with him in private, and after steal away to him?

Bell. I had some business with him, and found you had none with me, but drinking and making my head-ake.

Smoo. Oh, Impudence ! this to you, that are such a *Hercules* in Love, and War.

Dan. Restore me *Isabella* or I'll force her from you.

Eust. She restore her ! Or you touch her ! I shou'd laugh at that.

Dan. Are you her *Hellor*? I shall spoil your Mirth with a Brick-bat. Come down ; I'll fight thee hand to hand in the head of my Army.

Smoo. No wise General will forsake his advantages, you shan't expose your self so rashly.

Dan. Peace you Fool : if he comes, we'll seize him ; then offer him in exchange of Prisoners, for *Isabella*. There's a stratagem : he shall find I am a Souldier.

Smoo. The greatest I ever read of.

Eust. I will not venture my self among your Hell-hounds, but I shall find a time.

Dan. You will not deliver *Isabella* then, by fair means?

Eust. Nor by foul neither : She is my Sister, too good to be thy Wife, and shall be no Man's Servant.

Dan. I bought her young of her Friends, in *Spain*.

Eust. They had no right to Sell her ; she is a freeborn *English* Woman, and I will defend her with my life.

Smoo

Smoo. You speak like an honest Gentleman: *Bellamira* has cheated my Master: Do not make your self a Party; and consequently this great Man your Enemy.

Eust. Perfwade that Calf he is a Lion if thou canst; I scorn both him, and thee.

Dan. Then 'tis no time to talk, salute 'em with a Volley.

Enter Merryman and Cuningham.

Cun. Let's give *Bellamira* a Serenade, as we go by; for old acquaintance sake: she'll take it kindly.

Merr. *Dangerfield's* there: we'll break the Windows, call him Rogue and Rascal, and so go on with our Musick to *Thisbe*.

Cun. I hate these rude Frolicks.

Merr. The house is beset: What's here; Scourers? Brick-bats mounting, and Pispots descending?

Cun. We'll scour 'em for a Company of uncivil Fellows, thus to disturb Lovers at their innocent Recreations.

Merr. Strike up, we have no Drums and Trumpets, but we'll swinge 'em by way of Lute and Violin.

L. Boys. Fall on: this is our old Master *Merryman*; we use to light him home drunk three or four times a week. *[The Link Boyes revolt.]*

Dan. If our Soldiers revolt, shift every man for himself: This did *Pompey*, when over-power'd by *Julius Caesar*, at *Pharsalia*. *[Ex. Omnes.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Merryman, Cuningham.

Cun. **T**His drinking does so muddle one's complexion and take of one's mettle, a man the next day is but the wrong side of himself. I was so doz'd I was an hour about a Billet douz.

Merr. We shou'd look gratefully back upon the past pleasure and not peevishly repine at the present suffering. What think you of a hair of the same Dog?

Cun. That saying has kill'd many an honest fellow, but do you remember we were at *Thisbe's*?

Merr. Yes, and were let in; but have forgotten most of the rest.

Cun. You are a precious Guardian ! You must e'en Marry her your self, you will make her fit for no body else, with your disorderly Frolicks.

Merr. That's it I wou'd be at.

[*Aside.*

But what said she ?

Cun. She told me, she wond' red to see me in that disorder ; squeez'd me by the hand, and bad me take more care of my health hereafter.

Merr. Now I remember me, she said you look'd lamentably ; and that, had you come alone at that time of the night, she shou'd have taken you for a Ghost ; that you smelt as if you had been bur'd a Fort-night.

Cun. She may say her Pleasure ; but there are as fine Women as she of another mind : I knew when she had no better a Complexion than my self.

Merr. When was that ? Had she ever the Green-sickness or the Yellow Jaundies ?

Cun. No, before she bought her Paint of the *Italian*. I look like a Ghost ! Why, I am the same man I was twenty Years ago ; as vigorous, as Amorous, and I think as taking amongst Men and Women. I had three Maiden-heads brought me last Week by their Parents : I will leap the half Almond with you.

Merr. Thou ma'st, well be active, thou hast no more flesh upon thy back, than a Flea, and thy Bones have as much Quick-silver in 'em, as ten Bales of false Dice : They will scarce lie still when thou art dead,

Cun. Thou art *Picqu'd* at *Thisbe's* concern for me : Well thou art an honest Fellow ; we will not dispute about her, tho we Rally one another now and then. I have ten of as fine Women as she upon my hands at this time ; she was but my *Disalle* : What will you say when you see me Marry'd to one of the best Fortunes about the Town ?

Merr. I shall not wonder ; Women have another Green-sickness in their Souls, that sways 'em to the Trash of Mankind : but here comes *Keepwell*, his time of Banishment is expir'd, as filthily fine as hands can make him.

Enter Keepwell.

Keep. Sure Jealousie is the greatest Torment in the World, I have had the dismallest Dreams ! Methought I saw *Dangerfield* Rampant, and *Bellamira* Couchant all Night long.

Merr. You consented, and can reasonably complain of none but your self.

Keep.

Keep I consented she shou'd make a Fool of him, and Cozen him of *Isabella*, but no farther.

Merr. I saw her at *Knightbridge* Garden with him ; so fine, methought they were the happiest Couple !

Keep. Pox on their happiness.

Merr. It may end in that indeed, they say *Dangerfield* is not very sound.

Cun. Women like wanton Whelps, fawn ever on the next that comes in their way, but, when they see an old acquaintance, they run to him for all that ; never be discourag'd.

Keep. At once I hate her, and I love her too ; The chief thing I beg'd of her was, that she wou'd not be seen in publique with this *Dangerfield* : she has no mercy on my Reputation.

Merr. No more than on your Fortune : be wise and take this occasion.

Cun. All this makes for you *Merrymen* : there is no such Soaker as a Lover in affliction.

Merr. I had as live drink with a Gib'd Cat : they are alwaies Mewing and Wauling about her Inconstancy, Cruelty, or one silly thing or other..

Cun. *Dangerfield* has a sweet Caloch.

Merr. There is no talk of any man now but him ; the Bravest, the most Generous, the most accomplish'd Gentleman !

Cun. You will make *Keepwell* hang himself.

Keep. I'll fight him, my Courage is wound up, and I will strike him to the heart.

Merr. You'll have an ill time on'r ; he kills an Humble Bee flying with a single Bulet, rides three manag'd Horses every morning, Fences two hours after, and stinks of Gun Powder like the fifth of *November*.

Keep. Then let him be hang'd, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Merr. 'Tis she is to blame, and not he : If a man Robs my Orchard, I shall blame my Gardiner more than the Thief.

Keep. He has done but what the best Lord in the Land wou'd be proud to do : but I will maul her, break her China, take down her Hangings, leave her no Plate but the poor Thimble she began the World with.

Merr. Spoken like a man of Mettle ! and shall we Sup together, and drink till daylight, as we were wont ?

Cun. Thou art one of *Keepwell*'s evil Counsellors ; and if ever he and *Bellamira* piece again, I shall see thee banish'd his presence for ever.

Keep. I will never be sober again, scarce cleanly, take Tobacco and lie in a Bawdy-house.

Cun.

Cun. *Merryman* will Compound for Lefs.

Merr. Half drunk every night, and stark drunk once a week, is very fair.

Keep. I'll Rout her Instantly.

Cun. She has a great many Rich Cloaths, let her wear out her Livery at least in your Service.

Keep. That's well thought, let her wear out her Cloaths at least in my Service, as he says.

Merr. You have almost worn out your self in her's: you look worse than he, that begun twenty years before you.

Cun. Every man's Constitution will not run out into Fat, 'tis the Commendation of a Capon: a good Cock is alwaies lean as I am.

Merr. A good Coxcomb alwaies thinks well of himself; why thou lean Rascal Deer, thou visible Pox, thou Common shore of Physick, Reproach of Doctors, and Ruine of Apothecari's, who Flux't away thy Flesh as often as the Adder casts his Skin, and art full as venomous.

Cun. I am sure you look like a full Moon or a Fat Bawd swell'd with the Tooth Ach.

Merr. When I walk the Streets, men say there goes an honest well natur'd Fat Fellow to drink a bottle with, and a good Husband I warrant him.

Cun. A good Cuckold perhaps: but, the Ladies cry foh, there goes a greasie Sot, a Chandlers Shop in the shape of a man, a meer Lump, a Sponge full of Terse: whose mouth stinks worse than the Bung-hole of a Barrel, a Load of manifest impotency, Guts and Garbage for the Bear-Garden.

Merr. Thou meer stake to hang Cloaths upon, thou Scarrow, thou piece of Shrivil'd Parchment, thou walking Skelleton that may't be read upon alive, can't thou think any Woman so sharp set as to pick thy rotten Bones, which are but the leaving of Pox, Mercury and Consumption?

Keep. Nay good Gentlemen, no heat, let us debate this matter calmly; will this Quarrel about Fat and Lean never have an end?

Cun. 'Tis as irreconfilable as that of the Flesh and Spirit; *Merryman* will never let it rest: I am alwaies on the defensive part.

Keep. You never consider your poor Friend, toss'd as I am between the Billows of Love and Jealousie.

Merr. Well now I have Tormented you sufficiently, it goes against my honest nature to conceal your happiness from you any longer, *Dangerfield* is an ugly niggardly Rogue, and *Bellamira*—

Keep. Was she never abroad with him in Publick.

Merr

Merr. Nor in Private neither, but once and they fell out ; well she loves you most intirely, I cou'd never have thought it.

Cun. She was all in Tears by that time you were on Horse-back : I had the most ado to Comfort her, and, yet I said a great many pretty things to her ; and never look'd better in my Life.

Merr. I sat with her two hours and our whole discourse was of you, how much she was oblig'd to you, and what a dear man you were.

Keep. I ever told you *Merryman*, you were too hard of belief and that there was such a thing as true Love, and Constancy too.

Merr. I confess my error and shall hereafter think you can never do too much for her. I will drink her health in a Bumper as long as I live, for her fidelity to my Friend, and in his absence too.

Cun. If ever you leave her she'll make her self away, that's certain, I have heard her say so a hundred times.

Keep. Nay, I always thought so, and durst never Chide, nor deny any thing ; she has such a spirit.

Enter Silence.

Merr. But here comes *Silence*, who will tell you more.

Sil. My Mistress wonders you can be so long in Town and not see her.

Merr. What, as a whole hour ?

Sil. You wou'd not have been so long out of a Tavern.

Keep. I hear she is taken up with *Dangerfield*.

Sil. He's a Calf, a Blockhead, and she scorns him.

Keep. Do you hear this, *Merryman* ? He's a Calf, a Blockhead, and she scorns him.

Merr. Did not I tell you as much : and you know I was of another mind ?

Sil. My Mistress and *Dangerfield*, are quite fall'n out : he gave her the pretty Maid she told you of, and came last night with some drunken Bul-lies, to take her away by force.

Cun. I am a witness of that : *Merryman* and I drove him away, and rais'd the Seige.

Sil. My Mistress will refer all to *Merryman*.

Cun. Now they are in discourse, I will steal away to Mrs *Thisbe*, and make my excuse for last night's disturbance. [Exit.]

Keep. Come *Merryman*, let's see what *Bellamira* can say for her self. [Ex. *Keep.* and *Sil.*]

Merr. I'll follow you instantly.
We were fellow Robbers ; I must keep fair with *Bellamira* or she may get her

her own Pardon, Peach, and hang me. besides I have receiv'd her fee, and am bound to plead her cause.

Enter Lionel.

Lion. I am the happiest man! Whom shall I praise first? Thee that laid't the Design; my self that executed it, or Fortune that gave it success?

Merr. You have succeeded then?

Lion. Beyond expectation.

Merr. It was a bold design.

Lion. And a fortunate one for me: I must have di'd, if I had not enjoy'd her.

Merr. I will not trouble your modesty for particulars, but why in this dress still? Do you intend to live and die in your new service?

Lion. I cou'd live and die with my new fellow Servant, I went to *Eustace's*, thinking to have shifted, but the house was full of Company.

Merr. Are you not afraid of being known?

Lion. No, I met *Cunningham* and twenty of my acquaintance; they star'd at me a little.

Enter Eustace and Cunningham.

Eust. Here he is, and *Merryman* with him, the vile contriver of *Isabella's* ruine. *Cunningham*, I must use your Sword.

Cun. 'Tis at the service of any Gentleman, much more at yours that are my Friend. But against whom?

Eust. You see the man.

Cun. What my old acquaintance *Merryman*, and that young fellow?

Eust. That young fellow is *Lionel*. When you hear it, you'll say my Quarrel's Just, the Injury not to be pardon'd.

Lion. My dearest *Eustace*! The Man of all the World I wish'd to meet

Eust. And *Lionel* the Man of all the World I am bound to Curse.

Lion. Some Villain has abus'd me to my Friend: I'll cut his Throat.

Eust. That Villain is your self.

Lion. Villain! Death, I wou'd have shar'd my Fortune, my Reputation, my all, but *Isabella*, with that Man. and to be thus requited.

Eust. That Name has rouz'd up my Revenge; Draw and prepare for thy defence.

Lion. What means my Friend is he become my Rival?

Eust. That thou'd not make this breach

I'd turn the Boyish Passion out of doors,
And fly to the embraces of my Friend.

Lion. Am I reported to have wrong'd you in my discourse?

Eust. I'd Kick the Liar shou'd tell me so. O that I were so happy as to doubt! You have accus'd your self.

Lion. Of what?

Eust. Of an injury so great, to me, and all our Family—

Lion. To you? Whole Injuries I count my own, and shou'd alike resent 'em.

Eust. Revenge me then upon Lustful *Lionel*.

Lion. Sure you are mad, for what?

Eust. Why, for a Rape upon my Sister.

Lion. I know no Sister that you have.

Eust. That's our misfortune, that thou knew'st her not; far hadst thou wrong'd me with thy Will, I cou'd kill thee as men do *Wolves* and *Tigers*; but now must pay a cruel Sacrifice to Honour.

Lion. I understand you less and less.

Eust. Know then, (for it is just I tell our Quarrel e'r we Fight) that *Isabella* was my Sister.

Lion. What the young Maid at *Bellamira's*! 'Tis impossible.

Eust. By certain Tokens and Circumstances, to me invincible, I know her so.

Lion. You amaze me!

Merr. *Lionel*, thou wert wrapt in thy Mother's Smock. Thy *Isabella*, whom thou lov'st of all the World is found the Sister of thy dearest friend. What then remains, but that you Marry her?

Eust. I know his Honour is too nice: nothing remains but that we Fight.

Lion. I love my *Isabella* above my Life
And all the little niceties of Honor;
And had rather call her mine than be Crown'd King of all the habitable World.

Eust. Then we are ti'd in stricter Bonds than ever. Oh my best *Lionel*!

Lion. Throw not away the Treasure of thy Love,
Upon a Soil so Barren:--- my Father—

Eust. I can easily satisfy all his scruples. She had five Thousand pounds left her by an Uncle: to which I'll add to make her worthy of my dearest Friend.

Lion. I know not how to speak, and yet I must.

Eust. Thou found'st her apt and easie to thy Lust: Ha,

Lion. By all that's good, I hold her Innocent, as violated Temples.

Eust. Wert not thou then a sacrilegious Villain?

Lion. It is confess'd.

Merr. Now you have confess'd, it is but doing Pennance in a pair of Matrimonial Sheets, and there's an end on't.

Eust. I was to blame, to trifle all this while. Draw. } *Fight.* *Merr. dis-*
Cun. I must have a thrust at thy fat Guts. } *arms Cunn. and*

Merr. Now are thy Skin and Bones, at my Mercy. } *parts the other.*

Eust. This satisfies my Honour; but my Revenge must find some other time.

Lion. What if I were long since contracted to another, and to be disinherited if I went back.

Eust. You might have told me so? Yet what cou'd that have done?

Lion. Perhaps you wou'd not have believ'd me, and it might have look'd like Fear, till we had Fought; but now take the sad truth, and if thou wilt the Life of *Lionel*: I have been sometime since contracted to *Theodosia*, the rich Gold-smith's Daughter.

Cun. If that be all, you are as free as you were born. You are all men of Honour, and I'll tell you a secret, I have this Morning privately Marri'd that pretty Creature.

Lion. It is impossible I shou'd be so happy.

Cun. She heard I know not how, that you ravish'd a young Maid, and were in Love elsewhere: I came in the lucky minute, and am now her Husband.

Merr. In the unlucky minute to her. How came she to think of thee?

Cun. She did not; her Maid that Governs her, was formerly a Servant to a Mistress of mine, has often tasted of my Bounty and some other civilities have pass'd between us.

Merr. What cou'd she find to say for thee?

Cun. She told her Mistress, her Father was one of my Tenants, and that I had a thousand a year in *Northumberland*, to her knowledge.

Merr. Thou art a luckie Fellow: the Women will venture Body and Soul to do thee Service any way.

Cun. I had miss'd her for all that, but for a Hundred pound I gave a Nonconformist Parson for his good word. Cou'd I have thought the news of my Marriage with *Theodosia* wou'd have pleas'd you, you shou'd have heard of it sooner.

Lion. Joy, such as thou giv'st me now, be ever with thee.

Cun. I was half afraid we must have had a Tilt.

Lion. Will you be my Advocate to your offended Sister?

Eust.

Eust. You need none, since your Designs are Honorable.

Lion. Let's embrace like Brothers : for the next Priest shall make us so.

Enter Bellamira, Silence, Betty, and Keepwell.

Sil. Madam, there's the Rogue that has made all this work.

Bett. I never lik'd him, he has a flie look ; and a Hawks Eie with him.

Sil. 'Twas a mercy any of us scap'd

Bell. Peace you Fools ; he is a Gentleman, and may make her Reparation. We are undone ruin'd for ever ! Your unfortunate Sister whom I undertook to restore you.

Eust. What of her ?

Bell. She has been ravish'd, and by that Villain you embrace. But now I am asham'd to offer her thus stain'd and sulli'd ; but 'twas no fault of mine.

Lion. Oh bring her instantly the *Roman Lucrece*, was not more virtuous ; nor an Estate to one in Goal for Debt more welcome, than she to *Lionel*.

Keep. Think what you do ; Marry a Servant, my Father will be in Town anon.

Lion. She is the Sister of my dearest *Eustace*. And above me in Wealth, as in desert. He cannot but approve my Choice.

Keep. When you are Marri'd I'll take my pleasure like an *Italian* elder Brother, and now my dearest *Bellamira*, we are safe for one seven years.

Lion. My Father's appetite of Grand-Children I'll undertake to satisfy, if you'll pardon my making bold with your house.

Bell. I take it the best way, and charge it all on Love, whose power we most of us have felt. You seem a worthy Gentleman.

Lion. A poor younger Brother of your Servant *Keepwell's*.

Eust. How came you to find us here ?

Bell. We heard that there were Swords drawn ; but saw no such matter.

Enter Dangerfield and Smoothly.

Smooth. There she is ; but so hem'd in with friends and acquaintance, we had best let her alone.

Dan. She is a victorious Beauty, I will go and Surrender my self to her.

Smooth. Let's make honourable Conditions.

Dan. I will yield to mercy, *Hercules* did so to *Omphale*.

Smooth. The Example's great.

Keep. What's that thing in Buff.

Bell. 'Tis *Dangerfield* : I thought you had known him.

Keep. He looks like a Militia Captain upon a Training day.

Merr. You had best tell him so.

Keep. My heart's too big; I can't endure to speak to him.

Dan. Who is that next *Merryman*?

Smooth. Your Rival *Keepwell*.

Dan. I can no more endure the sight of a Rival than a fighting Cock can: Hold me, or I shall fly in his Face.

Bell. What wou'd that fellow have?

Dan. Your Pardon, for my last night's rudeness; and my *Isabella*, the pritty Maid I gave you, if you please.

Eust. Name her no more: I tell thee she is my Sister a free-born Subject of *England*.

Lion. If thou dost but name her tho in thy sleep, I'll cut thy Throat: She is my Mistress.

Merr. Speak to him, *Keepwell*: we'll bring you off.

Keep. She is to be my Sister-in-law; and I will flea thee, stuff thy Skin full of Straw, and Set thee in my Cherry-Garden, if thou depart not.

Dan. I am utterly undone; if I find not some way into this Family: the less hope see, the more I love this *Bellamira*.

Smooth. What if I get you receiv'd among 'em, according to your desert?

Dan. Command me and mine for ever: I'll give thee fifty Guineas hard Money in hand, and the Sword I twice sav'd the Nation with.

Smooth. Retire a little, 'tis not fit you shou'd be by, at your own Commendations. I'll try what I can do; you have been a good Master to me.

[*Exit. Dang.*
I hope all this good Company believes I follow'd this Fool my Master more for my own sake than his?

Merr. None but himself ever doubted it.

Smooth. I have thought of it seriously, and find you can't do better than to receive this Blunderbus, my Master, into your Family.

Keep. What? A Rival! I will as soon receive a Roaring Lion.

Smooth. Yes, such a one as he is: a Fool, a Blockhead, a Coward, a Knave that ne'r paid.

Merr. For his Cowardice I can answer: he stood to be robb'd, like a Cow to be Milk'd.

Bell. He carri'd me to Supper, and drank himself fast asleep by me.

Cun. If he be such a one, what shou'd Ladies do with him?

Smooth. He loves Play; you may win his Money, and he has abundance: if he refuse to Play, you may beat him till he will.

Cun. I have not heard of a more useful acquaintance, he must not be refus'd:

Smooth.

Smooth. You need not fear any Woman shou'd like him he has been impotent these seven years : when you are weary of him you may Kick him out of doors.

Eust. He is a man of a thousand : let me intreat for him.

Keep. He shall be admitted, but if he do not prove this Fool, this Coward you speak of, you had better be hang'd.

Smooth. My life for't. Now, Gentlemen, take me into your Protection, and then Eat, Drink upon, and Laugh at the Fool my Master.

Merr. He deserves it abundantly, for keeping such a Rascal.

Keep. Call in *Dangerfield*, and let him know he is receiv'd without a Negative.

Smooth. Sir you may come in, the whole Company bids you welcome.

Re-enter Dangerfield.

Keep. Most welcome, noble *Dangerfield* !

Con. I shall be proud of your farther acquaintance.

Merr. I shall be glad to drink a Gallon of Wine with you at the Rose, we will write you of our Club.

Bell. I never knew a Civiller person ! I was once abroad with him, and he did not offer me the least rudeness.

Dan. Gentlemen if any of you want a Second, I am at your service : And Ladies, if any man speaks ill of you, or Lampoon you, I'll cut his throat : Thou hast charm'd 'em ; I thought they wou'd have torn me to pieces e'en now : There are Fifty Guineas I promis'd thee.

Smooth. I hope Sir, you'll find I have deserv'd 'em ; they did not know your worth ; but when I inform'd 'em of your good Qualities and Parts, I foresaw they cou'd do no less.

Dang. Nay, I never came in any place in my life, but when I was well known I got the Love of Man, Woman, and Child.

Bell. Now you see what a fellow this *Dangerfield* was to be Jealous off.

Keep. Where there is no Jealousie, there is no Love.

Bell. I have had no other Proof of your Love these two months.

Keep. Thou shalt have proofs of all kinds.

Bell. So you say alwaies

Keep. I have been in the Country, and have brought wherewith to pay old Scores, and will deal hereafter with ready Mony.

Bell. We must have a general Act of Oblivion, now you are one of us no heart burnings hereafter.

Dan. I declare I am in Charity with all the World, but that Fat Thief that laid on me so unmercifully.

Bell

Bell. He must be comprehended too.

Dan. I cannot in Honour, unless you lay your positive commands.

Bell. You shall never question him. at Law, nor otherwise.

Dan. By these Hilt, I never will then.

Merr. Then here are the six Guineas you swore were a hundred, your false Rings, filthy Medals, Table book, and other Pocket-Lumber.

Bell. And *Merryman* and I were the whole Dozen of Robbers, you swore against.

Enst. What, my valiant Bully, you and your man robb'd by two ; and one of 'em a Woman !

Dan. As I was going to draw, I heard a voice cry, hold, hold, thy dead doing hand ; strike not : it is thy Mistress, *Dangerfield*.

Enst. You *Smoothly*, you heard this voice too ?

Smoo. As perfectly as my Master, one might have heard it to *Knights-bridge* : besides there is something in a man of Honour that keeps him from striking a Lady.

Enter Lionel with Isabella.

Lion. Can you forgive your *Lionel* ?

He never will commit a second Fault.

Merr. Not of the same kind, I'll answer for him.

Isa. My heart was your's, when we first met in *Spain*.

You seiz'd the rest somewhat too rudely here :

But I am your Wife, and now am all obedience.

Enst. How shall I thank Heaven, and *Bellamira* for her care of thee ?

Isa. My former troubles vanish like a Dream,
And am wak'd to perfect happiness

By that voice ; Oh, my dearest Brother !

Enst. I shou'd have known her any where ; she is as little alter'd, as 'tis possible.

Bell. Husband and Brother I must yield to them ; but the third Joy is mine. My *Isabella* was *Lionel* the man thou saw'st in *Spain* ? And mad'st that pretty innocent discription of ?

Isa. The same : I never lov'd another, and now I never shall.

Lion. How many accidents have met, to make this happy day !
The least of which is half a Miracle.

Merr. Does not your mouth water, at these Amorous preparations ?

Thif. Not at a greasie bit of a fat Drunkard. I am not ambitious of holding your head in a morning, or carrying you to *Hampsted*, to get you a stomach to a Drunken Supper.

Merr.

Merr. Your proud heart will come down, when you have fasted from Man a year longer, and been arrested once or twice more.

Thif. I might have gone to Goal for all my worshipful Guardian.

Merr. Oh, vanity ! vanity ! What Knight-Errant, do you think wou'd lay down two Hundred pound for you.

Thif. *Eustace* knows best, he brought the Mony ; but whoever he were that sent it, if he have but so much a year, I'll Marry him before any man in England.

Merr. What tho he love Wine, Women, and Tobacco, and were as Fat as I am ?

Thif. Yes, with all your faults, and as many more of his own.

Eust. Then take her *Merryman*, she is thine, by her Confession : 'Twas his Mony that did satisfie the debt, and I was but employ'd by him.

Lion. We are all Witnesse ; there is no going back.

Cun. She is proof against all Mankind, for I have Courted her these six Months, yet never cou'd obtain the least indecent favour.

Thif. Since it must be so, I hope you'l prove as indulgent a Husband, as you were a Guardian.

Merr. My little charge, if thou had'st not taken pity on me I shou'd have kill'd my self with Whoring and Drinking ; but now I will beget Sons and Daughters till threescore.

Cun. Gentlemen your Company is so good, I had almost forgot I was Marry'd this Morning. *Lionel*, I hope we shall have no suit in the Pre-rogative Court, tho I have Marry'd your Mistress.

Lion. Thou art my Redeemer, and hast broken that Knot I shou'd have been troubled to untie. *Theodosia* was my Father's Choice, (her Bags were contracted to his Acres.) But *Isabelli*'s mine.

Keep. These Roguish Fidlers smell a Wedding already ; since —
They are come Let's dance----- [They Dance.

Keep. My *Bell* and I will lead a marri'd Life,
Bating the odious Names of Man and Wife ;
In Chains of Love alone we will be ty'd,
And every Night I'll use her like a Bride.

Merr. Wits, Whore-Masters, Gamesters, Drunkards, Bullies,
We in our several ways are all but Cullies. [Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Like a young Wench that cou'd not well forbear,
And yet is loath her Lewdness shou'd appear.
Our modest Poet wou'd have made away
In private, this mere Lamp you see to day:
We bid him lay the Bantering at our door
And for the event concern himself no more.
Poets of late with humane Sacrifice
Have feasted you like Heathen Deities.
In every Play they serv'd you up a man
Nay some at Parties and whole Factions ran?
After such fare, how flat must Terence taste?
Yet his plain Tales have had the luck to last.
While your fam'd Authors, in their life time wast.
Ye all cry out the art of Writings lost
Yet nicer Judgments in perfection boast.
Strange Stars; malignant to Poetick strains
Let so productive of Judicious brains.
What if you Judge, as ill as others Write?
And only loath for want of appetite;
No Jew into the Sanhedrim might come
That had no Issue of his own at home.
For barrenness supposes cruelty
No Childless man, might others Children try.
This wholesome Law wou'd save us from the spight
Of all the furious Wits that cannot Write.
And you that do, we shou'd not fear your doom
If you'd Judge here but as you Judge at home;
Now Gallants most of you are so well bred
French has long since chas'd Latin from your head
And Terence yo have forgot or never read.
Faith spare 'um both, lest your chance medly Wit
Miss the Translator and the Author hit.

FINIS.



